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THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. I.]

AUGUST, 1898.

[No. 1.

THE FORMATION OF THE CLIMBERS' CLUB.

BY GEORGE B. BRYANT.

THE issue of the first number of the JOURNAL offers the earliest opportunity of giving the whole of the members an account of how the Club came to be formed, and of what has taken place up to the present time, and I have been asked by the Editor to put such an account into shape.

The idea had, no doubt, its natural birth at Pen-y-Gwryd, amid surroundings familiar to many of us. In August or September of most years, men who rarely met anywhere else, spent days together on the hills, and found themselves at seven o'clock (more or less) round the well-provided dinner table, dried, clothed, and in their right minds. There, as the inner man got what was overdue to him, and later, when warmth and tobacco had completed his contentment, the work of the day passed into pleasant talk; the older men dropped an encouraging word to the beginners, difficult points were discussed and located, and suggestions made for the next day's climbing. In that congenial atmosphere, where conventionalities were not obtrusive, and the bishop or the man of law shared the sofa with the old shepherd and deferred to his opinions, men of various sorts, but united in their deep love of the mountains, grew to know each other; and there the sense of association, the germ of the Club, struck its first root.

Being of British origin, what else could be its first expression but a dinner? The suggestion thrown out that those who had enjoyed these haphazard meetings at Pen-y-Gwryd might bridge the long intervals by a dinner in London met with a warm response, and on the 19th May, 1897, about forty frequenters of the Welsh farm-house foregathered at the "Monico" to recall old times, with the familiar form of Mr. T. S. Halliday in the chair. At this time, doubts were felt whether anything in the nature of a Club would

be a success, but a strong desire was shown that the Pen-y-Gwryd dinner should not be dropped, and arrangements were made to repeat it in the following December.

As the time for the second dinner approached, it became abundantly clear that from many quarters an opinion in favour of the formation of a Club was setting in, and it was decided that a proposal in that direction should be brought forward. The dinner was fixed for the 6th December—a date which was not a fortunate one, about twenty-five gentlemen who desired to attend being compelled to absent themselves. Amongst them were several whose presence was much to be desired, such as Mr. C. T. Dent, Mr. Frederick Morshead, and Mr. F. T. Bowring, whose associations with Pen-y-Gwryd were of very long standing. The meeting was, nevertheless, a good one, and as it fell to its lot to lay the foundations of the Club, it may be of future interest to give the names of those who were present:—

Rev. J. N. Burrows (in the chair),	Mr. Roderick Williams,
Lord Coleridge,	„ C. E. Mathews,
Mr. Arthur J. Gale,	„ T. S. Halliday,
„ H. G. Gotch,	„ Thomas Rhodes,
„ A. O. Prickard,	„ C. C. B. Moss,
„ A. F. Leach,	„ L. K. Pagden,
„ H. A. P. Genge,	„ J. Fildes Pearson,
„ E. W. Chaplin,	„ G. H. Chaplin,
„ Astley J. Morris,	„ W. W. R. May,
„ Marshall K. Smith,	„ Charles Candler,
Dr. E. C. Daniel,	„ Henry Candler,
„ T. K. Rose,	„ C. Hampton Hale,
Mr. Frank S. Pearson,	„ George B. Bryant,
„ E. R. Turner,	„ William Ernest Corlett.

The resolution, "That a Climbing Club should be formed," was proposed by Mr. Roderick Williams, and seconded by Mr. H. G. Gotch—both, as it happened, Alpine Club men, as well as keen British climbers. Before the chairman put the resolution, the meeting was placed in possession of replies from twenty of the absentees, who had availed themselves of the opportunity given them to state their opinions on the proposal. Of these, fifteen were distinctly in favour of the formation of the Club; four were neutral, or gave a qualified approval; and one expressed inability to join it, if formed. The resolution was then passed, without a dissentient voice.

The first business was to secure a President; and a proposal from Mr. Burrows that the post should be offered to Mr. C. E. Mathews (ex-president of the Alpine Club) was cordially acclaimed by the meeting, and accepted by Mr. Mathews. The Club thus had the good fortune to start on its way under the leadership of an eminent mountaineer, whose unsurpassed knowledge of the Alps had not blunted his keen appreciation of Cader Idris and of Snowdon.

To deal with the practical questions of detail which at once arose, a Provisional Committee was nominated, consisting of:—

The President,	Mr. W. G. Corlett,
Rev. J. N. Burrows,	Dr. T. K. Rose,
Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby,	Mr. E. R. Turner,
„ T. S. Halliday,	„ George B. Bryant;
„ Roderick Williams,	

and when the meeting broke up, the much-debated project was an accomplished fact, with about forty members practically assured. That this number might be increased in the first year to about one hundred seemed the prevailing impression.

The assembling of the Provisional Committee was delayed by various causes until early in February, when it took place in London, seven members being present. The result of its deliberations was the issue in March of the following circular:—

“THE CLIMBERS' CLUB.

“DEAR SIR,

“It has been determined to establish a Club under the above title.

“The object of the Club will be to encourage mountaineering, particularly in England, Ireland, and Wales, and to serve as a bond of union amongst all lovers of mountain climbing.

“The qualification of members will be determined by the Committee, who will have sole power of election.

“The officers will be a President, two Vice-Presidents, an Honorary Secretary, and an Honorary Treasurer.

“The Committee will consist of the officers and nine additional members, all to be elected annually at the Annual Meeting.

“The first officers will be:—

President	C. E. Mathews.
Vice-Presidents ...	{ Frederick Morshead.
	{ F. H. Bowring.
Hon. Secretary ...	George B. Bryant.
Hon. Treasurer ...	T. K. Rose.

"The Annual Subscription will be half-a-guinea, and there will be an entrance fee of the same amount after the first hundred members are elected.

"The Annual Meeting will take place in London at the end of April in each year, and will be followed by a Dinner.

"The First Annual Meeting and Dinner will take place about the end of April next, on a day and at a place which will be duly notified.

"The Club will be in no sense antagonistic to any existing institution; but will, it is hoped, gather together all those who are interested in Mountaineering in England, Ireland, and Wales.

"Should you be willing to join, will you be good enough to return the enclosed form immediately to Mr. C. E. Mathews, The Hurst, Four Oaks, near Birmingham?

"At the First Annual Meeting the Formal Laws of the Club will be presented for adoption, and the First Annual Dinner will follow.

"Yours faithfully,

"C. E. MATHEWS.

"F. MORSHEAD.

"F. H. BOWRING.

"G. B. BRYANT.

"T. K. ROSE."

"25th March, 1898."

This circular was sent out to all those known as climbers whose names could be obtained from various sources, with much assistance from those who had already joined. It is, nevertheless, possible that many climbing men have not yet been reached.

The response exceeded expectation. Exactly two hundred applications for membership had been received by the day of the first general meeting, and although this was double the number intended to be admitted without entrance fee, there was no other course, either desirable or possible, but to welcome the whole two hundred as original members of the Club.

Such a result, achieved in so short a time, and without the aid of any publicity, established beyond question the existence—hitherto only half suspected—of a large body of British climbers ready for an association from which the organisation and development of their sport might be looked for. No greater justification could be desired by those who had pressed forward the movement; certainly nothing approaching it had been anticipated.

The first general meeting—for which purpose the Alpine Club had readily placed their rooms in Savile Row at the disposal of the Climbers' Club—was held on the 28th April, and the President took the chair in the presence of sixty-two members.

The proceedings of the Provisional Committee were approved.

The rules of the Club, as laid before the meeting by the chairman, were passed and confirmed, and the officers and Committee were formally elected, as follows :—

PRESIDENT: C. E. Mathews.

VICE-PRESIDENTS: { Frederick Morshead.
 { F. H. Bowring.

COMMITTEE:

Rev. J. N. Burrows, M.A.	H. G. Gotch.
W. C. Slingsby.	E. R. Kidson.
Roderick Williams.	E. R. Turner.
Owen Glynne Jones.	George B. Bryant (Hon. Sec.)
R. A. Robertson (President S.M.C.)	Dr. T. K. Rose (Hon. Treas.)
W. P. Haskett Smith.	

The objects of the Club were discussed, and a suggestion was made that it should be kept in view to expand them in the direction of botany, geology, art, and natural history, as is done by the Scottish Mountaineering Club.

A proposal that the entrance fee should be 21s., instead of 10s. 6d., was not carried.

The business points having been satisfactorily settled, the scene was shifted to the Egyptian Room of the "Monico" Restaurant, where the President received in all about eighty members before dinner was announced. This was a fair muster, considering how the membership is scattered over the country; but there were again some regrettable absences, including Mr. R. A. Robertson, the president of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, whose presence at the inaugural dinner of the younger club would have been especially welcome.

It was necessary only to glance along the lines of the tables to recognise the great stride that had been taken since the December meeting, and the wide foundations upon which the Club could build up its future. But at this point I find it better to give place to the President, who proposed the toast of "Our Club" in words whose force and eloquence deeply stirred the meeting, and which it would be an injustice to the other members of the Club not to reproduce. He said :—

"I trust that this dinner may be memorable in mountaineering annals. Forty years ago—a period equal to that during which the children of Israel are said to have wandered in the wilderness—a Club was founded in a modest and unassuming manner, having for its objects the friendship and the worship of the great Alps. It numbered about thirty original members. Its first dinner was attended by twelve men. It published a series of ascents and adventures, and the Club, its members, and its publications received from an undiscerning public ridicule, disapprobation and contempt.

"The critics did not know much about it. There is a story told of a certain undergraduate, not very well up in his Greek, who told his tutor 'that he had a contempt for Plato.' 'I should presume, sir,' said the tutor, 'that yours is a contempt which does not proceed from familiarity.'

"Criticism is good for all of us, but it is really valuable in proportion to the honesty and ability and insight of the critic. That Club, with a steadily rising standard of qualification, now numbers over six hundred men; the great hall at the 'Métropole' is not large enough to accommodate the numbers that flock to its winter dinners; and it comprises within its ranks some of the best of the intellectual aristocracy of this country.

"It was found, too, that it supplied a great want, and it was shortly imitated all over the world. The time for ridicule soon passed away;

"The seed,
The little seed they laughed at in the dark,
Had risen and cleft the soil,"

and the children of the Alpine Club became as the sand which is upon the sea shore in multitude. The Austrians were the first to follow our example, then the Swiss, then the Italians, then the Germans, and finally the French, whose Club has over four thousand members, with a separate organisation in every department of France. Then came independent groups, such as the Société des Touristes de Dauphine, and the Society of Excursionists of Catalonia. Then we annexed far-distant countries, and started a New Zealand Club, a Caucasian Club, a Norwegian Club, and Heaven knows how many more.

"Well, it is said that a man 'who sees only what is just before his eyes loses always the best part of every view;' but we have neglected too long the binding together of the lovers of the beautiful scenery at our own doors. The Scottish Mountaineering Club first realised the situation; then the Yorkshire Ramblers;

and last year a Pen-y-Gwryd Club was suggested as specially representing Wales; but it seemed to some of us that union was strength, and so the Climbers' Club has been founded, which embraces England, Ireland, and Wales, and yet is open to all lovers of mountaineering in every quarter of the globe.

"And here am I, one of the few last surviving founders of the Alpine Club, but still, thank God, a practical mountaineer; here am I, rapidly falling into the sere and yellow leaf, officiating like a professional midwife at the birth of this new bantling, which is destined, I believe, to be as healthy and prosperous as any previous member of the great family.

"Why should it not be? There is magnificent hill-climbing in the British Isles. I retain as vivid impressions of Great End, of Lliwedd, and of Tryfan as I do of the Dent Blanche or the south side of the Matterhorn. The memories of West Dale and of Pen-y-Gwryd are quite as enduring as those of Chamonix or of Zermatt. At last our mountaineering ladder is complete, and the youth of England can be reassured. They can matriculate at the Climbers' Club, they can graduate in the Alps, and can carry off the highest honours in the far-off regions of the Caucasus and the Himalaya. We have begun well. The Climbers' Club has already 'caught' on. We begin two hundred strong. Eighty are present at our first dinner. I will not say that every original member has an ample mountaineering qualification. There must be original members, as there must be original sin. But we have no reason to be ashamed; one-third of our members are also Alpine Club men—a good and healthy sign. The University of Oxford contributes a Morshead, a Prickard, and a George, a Cookson, a Blunt, a Godley, and a Thompson; scientific Cambridge sends us Clifford, Allbut, Wherry and Wilkinson, Brown-ing, Wilberforce, and Ewing. The Bar has joined us in great force, and among them is Mr. W. E. Davidson, the legal adviser to the Foreign Office. Thirty gentlemen have joined us who belong to what is erroneously called 'the lower branch of the profession.' The Scottish Mountaineering Club and the Yorkshire Ramblers each contributes its president. Climbing literature is represented by a Haskett Smith and a Glynne Jones; we have authors and journalists, clergymen, and members of the Civil Service, merchants, manufacturers, and inspectors of schools. I see undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge here to-night, who, I trust have obtained the usual exeat from their tutors; and the best bowler in the Oxford Eleven has placed his services at our disposal. Of such excellent materials is the Climbers' Club composed.

"Well, gentlemen, some of us know what hard work is in the various occupations of our lives. We must have some alternative, and we are all agreed that there is no alternative comparable to mountaineering. It is a sport which combines admirable physical exercise with pleasures of a purely intellectual kind. It is a sport which makes us young again; and, believe me, that writer had real insight who said, 'That country is the happiest whose people longest retain their youth.' It is a sport which brings us face to face with Nature, and puts us in quest of the unknown. Who is there amongst us who does not share in the craving of the old Ulysses to discover something of the unknown—

'To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars'?

It is a sport which enables us to throw off the cares and troubles of life, as Christian threw off the burden of sin in Bunyan's famous allegory. It is a sport that from some mysterious cause appeals mainly to the cultivated intellect. 'Arry or 'Arriet would never climb a hill. A few days ago I happened to be staying with a fine old English baronet in a beautiful part of Wales. This baronet had a fine old English butler, and I asked him how he liked the situation. 'Well, sir,' was his reply, 'there is nothing to be seen but sheep and scenery.' But we have learnt lessons never to be forgotten from the music of the waterfall and the splendour of the hills, and that man should be the Club's own poet who wrote:

'If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget :
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills; no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears,'

"Above all, it is a sport that makes a man. It teaches boldness, prudence, co-operation, self-control.

'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates but men decay.'

"And so, I give you 'The Climbers' Club!' Remember that a Club is an institution towards which every man must contribute his share. May it flourish and prosper!! May each one of us in his own sphere reflect credit upon the corporate body. May we continue to form and to cement those hill-born friendships which are the salt of life, and to enrich our lives with those sunny memories which sometimes swarm like bees, which no mere money could ever have bought, and which no possible after-misfortune can ever take away."

Mr. Roderick Williams responded to the toast.

"Our Hills and Mountains," was proposed by the Rev. J. N. Burrows, and brought from Mr. Frederick Morshead a drily humorous account of an early ascent, "without guides," to one of the upper ledges of a jam cupboard, resulting in a catastrophe, to be attributed, like many others, to violation of the essential principles of mountaineering.

This "plain tale" ends for the present with the results of a Committee meeting in June, at which it was decided to publish a Journal at the expense of the Club once in every three months, Mr. E. R. Turner undertaking the editorship.

The Committee also agreed upon the steps necessary to promote, as far as lies in their power, the bringing together of members of the Club, in the autumn season in the climbing districts of Snowdon and Wastdale.

The membership has now reached 209, and there are several applications to be dealt with at the next Committee meeting.

Recent Publications.

THE ALPINE GUIDE.—By the late John Ball, F.R.S., &c., President of the Alpine Club. A new edition, reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club by W. A. B. Coolidge, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and formerly editor of the *Alpine Journal*. Vol. I. THE WESTERN ALPS: the Alpine region, south of the Rhone Valley, from the Col de Tenda to the Simplon Pass. With nine new and revised maps. Crown 8vo, 12s. net. (Longmans.)

CLIMBING IN THE BRITISH ISLES.—By W. P. Haskett Smith. With illustrations by Ellis Carr, and numerous plans. Part I. ENGLAND: 16mo, 3s. 6d. Part II. WALES AND IRELAND: 16mo, 3s. 6d. Part III. SCOTLAND (in preparation.) (Longmans.)

THE PLAY-GROUND OF EUROPE (THE ALPS).—By Leslie Stephen. New edition, with additions. With four illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s. net. (Longmans.)

THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.—Being a narrative of excursions and ascents. An account of the origin and phenomena of glaciers, and an exposition of the physical principles to which they are related. By John Tyndall, F.R.S. New edition. With 61 illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

MOUNTAINEERING.—Second edition. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. By C. T. Dent. With contributions by Sir W. M. Conway, D. W. Freshfield, C. E. Mathews, C. Pilkington, Sir F. Pollock, H. G. Willink, and an introduction by Mr. Justice Wills. With 13 plates and 95 illustrations in the text by H. G. Willink and others. (Longmans.)

A GUIDE TO ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN.—By Edward Whymper. 3s. (John Murray.)

A GUIDE TO CHAMOUNIX AND THE RANGE OF MONT BLANC.—By Edward Whymper. 3s. (John Murray.)

AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE CLUB.

BY GEORGE B. BRYANT.

THE aims or objects of the Club are stated elsewhere; briefly put they are association or union amongst Mountaineers and the encouragement of Mountaineering.

Similar aims have been pursued by the Alpine Club in its own sphere with great success. Climbers in Scotland have been knit together, and their numbers increased by the existence and activity of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, under whose ægis that splendid climbing country is being systematically explored. But, with the exception of the ground covered by the "Yorkshire Ramblers" (whose president is one of our committee), England, Wales, and Ireland are entirely open to the work of a club such as this; its hundreds of climbers have been without any bond of union, and almost unknown to one another. One or two books have been recently published, either dealing closely with special sections of the country, or touching lightly the main points of a larger area, but even amongst those who climb continually, the knowledge of the districts at their command is by no means complete, and there seems to be ample work for the Club in that direction, and especially in Ireland, which has so far received very little attention from climbers.

The Club possesses, then, an extensive district, and having enrolled its 200 members, has now set itself to the practical work of developing its aims. Time is, of course, necessary, and in the commencement all it does must be of a tentative character, but there are some obvious ways of bringing about the contact of members with each other, which have been already adopted, and from which results will be obtainable in this first year of the Club's existence.

The first was the meeting in London on the 28th April, and the dinner which followed. About two-fifths of the membership of the Club was present, and there was much life in the proceedings. No doubt when the date of this annual meeting is made well known beforehand, the attendance will be much larger, and it will play a considerable part in keeping the Club together. At any rate, it affords the only opportunity of the whole of the members meeting under one roof—so far as they may be permitted by *force majeure*.

The next way, and a very important one, is by meets in the climbing districts. As an experiment this year, the time between the middle of August and the middle of September has been designated by the Committee, and the districts, those around Snowdon, with headquarters at Pen-y-Gwryd; and the Scawfell district, with headquarters at Wastdale; and a notice to this effect was sent to every member in July. No attempt to concentrate the whole of the climbing members at one place was thought advisable, as the available accommodation might easily have been outrun, whilst the arrangement to make use of both districts does not interfere with the individual preference of members for either place.

For equally good reasons it was thought well not to limit the period more closely than has been done, as it would in practice be almost impossible to get together any considerable number of members to begin and end their holidays on identical dates. As it stands, there seems to be every probability that between the dates given a sufficient number of members will be at Pen-y-Gwryd and at Wastdalehead (and in the neighbourhood of those places) to combine and arrange between themselves the carrying out of such climbs as they may choose, in suitable parties. It should be a condition that a journal or log should be carefully kept, recording each day's work as fully as possible, and that at the end of the meet this book should be forwarded to the Honorary Secretary as the property of the Club. This book might also contain, in a separate part, any suggestions and opinions of members upon these meets and their future arrangements. The whole of the matter to be at the disposal of the Editor of the Club Journal, to be used at his discretion.

These records will, no doubt, prove of considerable value, and the meets, even if only moderately attended, can hardly fail to tend to a more systematic and exhaustive dealing with the climbing area than has been hitherto the case, and to give greater opportunities to climbers of all grades.

Besides these summer (or autumn) meets, it will occur to many that a winter meet, or rather a meet under winter conditions, should be arranged later on. There is this special difficulty about it, that whether Christmas or Easter be taken, or any intermediate time, winter conditions cannot be guaranteed. Both on Christmas Day, 1897, and on the first day of 1898, the writer was on Snowdon, sunning himself in the clear air, with hardly a trace of snow to be seen. Easter probably would give the best chance of snow in the gullies; but this question of a winter meet might be left for a

Committee meeting in the late autumn, when suggestions, through the medium of the books before referred to, and through communications sent to the November number of this journal will be available.

Next after these matters comes the question of places and times, when members can be given opportunities of coming together in London. There is no present possibility of the funds of the Club being equal to the provision of rooms of a permanent kind for the sole use of members; nor does there seem to be at the present moment any need of such rooms. But several members have expressed an opinion that an occasional opportunity might be given to meet in an informal way, and that such meetings would be useful and popular. This might be carried out as an experiment, as the winter approaches, at monthly intervals, on dates definitely settled beforehand by the Committee, and notified to members well in advance.

But the Committee would probably prefer to have evidence of a general desire amongst the members for some such arrangement before taking any steps to carry it out.

Very little information has been so far received as to the intentions of the members to go to Pen-y-Gwryd or Wastdale in August—September, but apparently there will be about an equal division between the two places, the larger number of men not going before early September. The new building at Pen-y-Pass will not be ready until next Easter at the earliest.

ASCENT OF THE SLANTING GULLY OF LLIWEDD.

BY A. AND G. D. ABRAHAM.

Several different routes are known up the north face of Lliwedd, the magnificent precipice that flanks the south side of Llyn Llidaw, but, so far as we are aware, the steep slanting gully that forms the western boundary of the main or western buttress had never been successfully attempted prior to our ascent at Easter last year.

This gully is easily identified. It is well marked the whole way up, and is the next one to the west of the central gully. It can most readily be approached by coming diagonally up the screes from below the central gully, and then keeping along the base of the rocks of the western buttress. The lower part needs no further description than to say that the climbing is very interesting, and if the right-hand wall (looking upwards) be kept, no difficulty is experienced. At about four hundred feet above the screes we came to the pitch which is such a conspicuous object from below. It consists of a cave, surmounted by a chimney, which gradually narrows towards the top, where it is blocked by some overhanging rocks. Here the most difficult part of the climb commenced. After leaving the bed of the cave, a short climb of about ten feet gave access to a white ledge partly covered with loose grass and moss. Directly above here is a steep slab, where a shoulder gave considerable assistance to the leader, who climbed up about twelve feet higher, until he reached some splintered rocks wedged into the chimney. These rocks afforded a capital hitch for the rope. The second man joined the leader here, and paid the rope out over the hitch, whilst the leader stepped round an awkward corner on to a large foothold out on the face of the slab to the left.

After this the climbing became somewhat easier, and we continued straight up the chimney for about fifteen feet, when it narrowed considerably, and finally became blocked by some overhanging rocks. The leader jammed his right leg into the crack formed by the overhanging rocks and the side of the chasm as long as possible, and succeeded in reaching a sloping hand-hold. He then threw his body out on to the slab, on which the rest of the ascent of this pitch was completed. This is by far the most

difficult part of the whole climb, and it was from this point that Mr. Mitchell (who lost his life while attempting the ascent of the gully in 1894) fell. The exact cause of his fall is scarcely likely ever to be known, but eye-witnesses say that he stopped at this point for above half an hour, all of which time he must have been more or less on the tension, and it seems probable that when he came to swing himself on to the slab he was exhausted.

Above the top of this pitch the gully widens out, and a way might perhaps be found up the steep slabs on the left, but we decided to keep all the way in the main gully, which is well defined. Almost immediately above the pitch just described is an interesting crack about thirty feet high, with stones firmly wedged into it. Then we had to scramble over some scree and rocks till the last pitch came into view. This is formed by a steep chimney with a wedged stone at the top, followed immediately by another wedged stone some ten or twelve feet higher. Both were climbed straight up.

The time taken from the foot of the gully to the cave was thirty-five minutes; from the cave to the top of the cave pitch, sixty minutes; from the top of the cave pitch to the top of the gully, fifty-five minutes; making two hours and a half altogether.

The conditions were perfect, and we found an ice-axe extremely useful.

ASCENT OF TWLL DU.

By W. R. READE AND W. P. McCULLOCH.

On Saturday, the 7th May, 1898, we arrived at Bangor from Liverpool at 3.40 p.m., and, hiring a conveyance, drove through the village of Bethesda to Ogwen Cottage, a distance of ten miles, where we arrived at half-past five, and, without any delay, started for Twll Du, reaching the foot of this cleft in forty-five minutes.

Some weeks before, we had made a close survey of the gully, which is a huge cleft in the rocks on the south-west flank of Llyn Idwal. A stream flows through it to the lake below. Roughly speaking, the chasm is about 450 feet long, 300 feet deep, and 18

or 20 feet wide, the sides being either vertical or overhanging. The floor rises, not in a gradual slope, but in a series of pitches. The first pitch consists of a large mass of jammed rock, which blocks up the entire width of the gully, and forms the roof to a kind of natural shower-bath. There are three methods of passing this obstacle, except during wet weather, when the large quantities of water coming down, over, and under the lodged rock limit the climber to an ascent against the left wall. But neither this nor the next pitch presents any difficulty to a practised climber, who can easily reach the foot of the final obstacle, where a waterfall cascades over the jammed stone which forms the summit of the cleft. No one has previously succeeded in tackling this last pitch, the actual height of which does not much exceed fifty feet.

About sixty feet back from the waterfall there is a huge vertical slab which has become detached from the parent rock. The top of this slab is an excellent point from which to examine the only possible means of completing the ascent of the gully. This is by a climb up a crack in the slightly overhanging left wall of the chasm for a height of about fifty feet, and then a horizontal traverse on the face of the cliff to the jammed stone at the head of the cascade.

At 6.25 p.m. we attacked this crack. The leader, gripping one edge of it with his hands and knees, and obtaining extra assistance by jamming his right elbow and boot against the opposite side of the crack, squirmed up thirty feet of perpendicular rock to a small grass patch, where it is just possible for one man to stand. He then advanced by a similar method to another grass patch some twenty feet above, thus reaching the highest point hitherto attained by other climbers. Here it is hardly possible to stand without holding on, but he anchored himself in as firm a position as possible; and the second man followed, with the moral support of the rope, but had to stop in a rather insecure position some few feet lower down than the leader. To complete the climb, it was now necessary to traverse to the top of the waterfall, about sixty feet distant. The leader, finding some good hand-holds, started the traverse, but to do this he had to pass his legs outside the second man, whose head was on a level with the leader's knees. As soon as the leader was clear, the second man advanced to the grass plot, and, getting into a moderately firm position, waited until the leader reached a small projection of rock, eight to ten feet distant, which other climbers had thought loose. The passage took great care, as the foot-holds were poor, and the hand-holds had to be relied on almost entirely. On the leader reaching the projection, he hitched the rope over it, and the second man then joined him. The traverse after this

became easier, the holds being good and well spaced, though most of them had to be cleared of grass and earth. Slowly advancing, one at a time, we eventually reached the cap stone, at the top of the waterfall, and accomplished what is probably the first ascent of this remarkable chasm, except when two Bangor gentlemen cut their way up the frozen waterfall in the winter of 1895.

The climb from the slab to the cap-stone had taken us sixty-four minutes, and was rendered more difficult by rain, which had been falling for several hours.

NOTES.

THE necessity for publishing the rules of the Club and other technical details in our first number has rendered it impossible to devote more than a very small amount of space to purely literary matter. This, however, if it be a defect, is a defect that will only apply to our initial venture.

The Committee, for a time, was somewhat divided as to the advisability of issuing the *Journal* so often as four times a year, there being a feeling in certain quarters that, sooner or later, difficulty will be experienced in obtaining a sufficiency of suitable material; but the Editor has already received such liberal promises of support, that there is every reason to believe that the course adopted will be justified by success. However, in order to make our publication thoroughly interesting, it will be necessary to provide a constant flow of entirely fresh climbing information, and this can only be done by the assistance of all the active members of the Club.

We number amongst us most of the finest rock-climbers of the day—rock-climbers who indulge in their pastime in every quarter of the earth, from the ridges and gullies of our British hills to the stupendous ranges of the Himalayas; and consequently there will be no difficulty in obtaining plenty of good material, if only these active and enthusiastic mountaineers will bear the existence of the Club in mind during their expeditions, and whenever they succeed in accomplishing anything they consider worthy of note, remember that at home in England awaits an Editor, eager and anxious for the fullest details.

* * * *

By special desire we are now publishing the accounts of two gully climbs, both of which have been accomplished in the comparatively short space of time that has elapsed since the resolution to form what we may describe as a union of climbers first began to bear fruit. The gullies in question are—the Western, or Slanting Gully, on the north face of Lliwedd (Messrs. A. & G. D. Abraham); and the “Devil’s Kitchen,” or Twll Du, a deep perpendicular rift in the north-east side of Y Garn (Messrs. Read and McCulloch). Both are situated in the Snowdon District of North Wales, and have for years been the recipients of much attention.

The Lliwedd Gully is probably the better known, owing to the unfortunate accident that occurred there in the summer of 1894; but since the determined attempt upon the "Kitchen" in 1895 by Mr. Owen Glynne Jones (which attempt, although made under the most unfavourable circumstances, was almost attended by success), this gully has been constantly assaulted, and at last has been forced to succumb.

In speaking of Messrs. Read and McCulloch's climb as a first ascent, we are not losing sight of the fact that during the severe winter of 1895 Messrs. J. M. A. Thomson and Harold Hughes ascended the "Kitchen;" but their feat of step-cutting up the frozen waterfall—a remarkable exhibition of care, patience, and skill—can scarcely be looked upon as a rock climb.

It is interesting to note that the first ascent of a first-class peak in the Alps this year was accomplished by a member of the Climbers' Club. We refer to the ascent of the Matterhorn, on the 15th July, by Mr. G. D. Abraham. Owing to the unusually late season, with phenomenal snowfall, the high peaks had been unassailable until that date.

Mr. Abraham's ascent was made under difficult conditions, and was a very fine performance. The time from the Alpine Club hut (10,000 feet) to the summit, which was reached during a severe storm, occupied 7 hours 15 minutes.

* * * *

We are arranging for a series of articles upon rock-climbing in the British Isles. The first of the series—on rock-climbing in England—has kindly been undertaken by Mr. Owen Glynne Jones, and will appear in our November number, which will also contain an article on "First Aid in Climbing Accidents," and an account of some practice scrambles in the Derbyshire Peak District, &c., &c.

It is the wish of the Committee to make the *Journal* of interest to every member; but it is scarcely possible to do this unless comments and criticisms are freely made; and therefore, whether you wish to offer suggestions or to utter complaints, the Editor will be delighted to hear from you.

RULES.

I.

Name

The Club shall be called "The Climbers' Club."

II.

Officers and
Committee.

The management of the Club shall be vested in the following Officers, viz.: a President, two Vice-Presidents, an Honorary Secretary, an Honorary Treasurer, and a Committee of nine members. Five shall form a quorum.

III.

Election of
Officers and
Committee.

All the Officers of the Club and the Committee shall be elected annually at the Annual Meeting, but shall in all cases be eligible for re-election, subject to the following limitations, namely: that the President and Vice-Presidents shall not hold office for more than three years consecutively, and that the two senior members of the Committee shall go out annually by rotation. The Committee shall have power to add two additional members to their number, as representing special districts or for special services.

IV.

After the year 1898 the names of members intended to be proposed as Officers and Committee, together with the names of those who retire by rotation, shall be submitted to the members at least a week before the day of election.

V.

Vacancies
amongst Officers
and Committee.

In case of a vacancy occurring in the Office of President, one of the Vice-Presidents shall fill that office until the next Annual Meeting for the election of Officers. In the case of a vacancy occurring in the office of Vice-President, the Committee shall have power to appoint a member of the Club to act as a Vice-President for the same period. In the case of a vacancy occurring in the Committee, it shall be competent to

the latter or to any member of the Club to propose a candidate for election at the next or any subsequent General Meeting during the then current year.

VI.

Annual General Meeting.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club for the election of the President, Vice-Presidents, Members of the Committee, Honorary Secretary, and Honorary Treasurer, for the ensuing year shall be held in April or May. At such Meeting the accounts shall be submitted, and the general business of the Club transacted, and a copy of the accounts to be submitted to such Meeting shall be sent to members at least one week before the Meeting.

VII.

General Meeting.

The Committee shall have power to call General Meetings of the Club whenever they shall think fit, and to make from time to time such regulations, consistent with these rules, as they shall think necessary for the well-being of the Club. Minutes of their proceedings shall be entered in a book, and confirmed at their next Meeting.

VIII.

Extraordinary General Meeting.

An Extraordinary General Meeting of the Club shall be called on a requisition in writing, signed by any ten members, being sent to the Honorary Secretary, and ten days' notice shall be given of such Meeting.

IX.

New Rules.

No new rule or alteration of a rule shall be made except at a General Meeting, nor without the sanction of two-thirds of the members then present; notice of such Meeting, setting forth such proposed new rule or alteration of a rule shall be given at least ten days previously to every member of the Club. No original motion affecting the rules or the finances of the Club shall be entertained at any Meeting unless notice thereof shall have been given in the circular last issued before such Meeting.

X.

Annual
Dinner.

The members of the Club shall dine together once in every year, on a day to be fixed by the Committee. Except under special circumstances, the dinner shall take place in April, or early in May. Every member shall be at liberty to introduce, at his own expense, friends at the dinners of the Club. Notice of the date appointed for the dinner shall be sent by the Honorary Secretary to each member at least fourteen days before such day; and every member proposing to attend the dinner shall send notice to the Honorary Secretary of such his intention, and also of his intention to introduce a friend or friends, four days at least before the day appointed.

XI.

Election of
Members.

The election of members shall be absolutely under the control of the Committee. Every candidate shall be proposed and seconded by members of the Club, and balloted for at a Committee Meeting.

XII.

Qualification
of Members.

The Christian and surname of each candidate for membership, his address and profession, or other description, together with the name of his proposer and seconder, and the grounds upon which he founds his claim for membership, shall be sent to the Honorary Secretary not less than a fortnight before the day of election. The Committee shall decide upon his climbing and general qualification. The names of all new members shall be added by the Honorary Secretary to the list, which shall be open to the inspection of members.

XIII.

Support of
Candidates.

Members who may wish to support a candidate may do so by sending to the Honorary Secretary an intimation of their desire to support such candidate.

XIV.

Entrance Fees
and Subscrip-
tions.

All persons who have signified in writing their desire to join the Club before the 28th April, 1898, shall be considered original members, and shall pay no entrance

fee but an annual subscription of 10s. 6d. Members subsequently elected shall pay an entrance fee of 10s. 6d., and an annual subscription of 10s. 6d., the subscription to be due on the 1st of January in each year. No member shall vote on any occasion whatever until he shall have paid his annual subscription, and with regard to any member whose subscription shall be in arrear for three months, notice shall be sent to him by the Honorary Treasurer; and anyone whose subscription shall be in arrear for twelve months shall cease to be a member of the Club; provided always that the Committee shall have power, upon payment of all accruing arrears, to re-admit any member who shall have been excluded upon this ground. No member whose subscription has been in arrear for more than three months shall attend any of the Club dinners.

XV.

Payment of
Subscriptions.

New members are to pay the subscription and entrance fee immediately on their election, and shall not enjoy any of the privileges of the Club until they have done so. The election of any member who does not pay his entrance fee and first year's subscription within three months of the date of his election shall be null and void

XVI.

Honorary
Members.

The Officers of the Club, together with the Committee, shall have the power of electing suitable persons as honorary members.

XVII.

Expulsion
of Members.

A Special General Meeting, convened for the purpose of considering the conduct of any member of the Club (such member to have due notice of the Meeting), shall have power to expel him by a majority consisting of not less than ten members, the vote being taken by ballot. Such member shall have his subscription for the current year returned to him.

LIST OF OFFICE-BEARERS.

President :

C. E. MATHEWS, Esq., F.R.G.S.

Vice-Presidents :

F. MORSHEAD, Esq.

F. H. BOWRING, Esq.

Hon. Treasurer :

Dr. T. K. ROSE, 9, Royal Mint, London, E.

Hon. Secretary :

GEORGE B. BRYANT, Esq., 2, King William Street, E.C.

Members of Committees :

Rev. J. N. BURROWS, M.A.

E. R. KIDSON, Esq.

H. GALE GOTCH, Esq.

R. A. ROBERTSON, Esq.

OWEN GLYNNE JONES, Esq.

W. C. SLINGSBY, Esq.

W. P. HASKETT SMITH, Esq.

E. RAYMOND TURNER, Esq.

RODERICK WILLIAMS, Esq.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

The letters A.C. indicate that the member is also a member of the Alpine Club.

- Abraham, Ashley Perry, Lake Road, Keswick.
 Abraham, George Dixon, 30, Lake Road, Keswick.
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 Barton, Claude Wm., Castelnau, Wimbledon Hill, S.W.
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- Tribe, W. Newton, Ivythorpe, Stoke Bishop, near Bristol.
Turner, E. Raymond, Rutland House, Epsom.
Vardy, J. A. (A.C.), 14, Prince's Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.
Walton, W. H., Municipal Free Library, Derby.
Watson, A. Forbes, 41, Grosvenor Square, Dublin.
Watson, Peregrine (A.C.), Hey House, Holcombe, near Manchester.
Weightman, Percy O., Fern Lea, Seaforth, Liverpool.
Weston, Walter (A.C.), Carleton House, Wellington, Salop.
Wherry, George E. (A.C.), Corpus Buildings, Cambridge.
Wilberforce, L. R., 6, Pemberton Terrace, Cambridge.
Williams, Roderick (A.C.), 14, Castle Street, Liverpool.
Williams, Thomas, 1, Bebington Road, Birkenhead.
Williams, Lewis, 1, Brick Court, Temple, London, E.C.
Williams, W. J., Exchequer and Audit Department, Somerset House, W.C.
Williamson, C. N., Hill Farm, Hersham, Walton-on-Thames.
Williamson, O. K., M.A. (A.C.), High Pitfold, Haslemere, Surrey, R.S.O.
Woolley, Hermann (A.C.), Brookside, Kersal, Manchester.
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ENGLISH CLIMBING.

CONSIDERED MAINLY FROM AN ALPINE STANDPOINT.

By OWEN GLYNNE JONES.

A GOOD series of Cumberland climbing photographs were lately at the Schwarzsee, and under the shadow of the noble old Matterhorn, a party of German cragsmen were ridiculing the idea that anything good in their line of sport could be found in England. Whereupon a patriot rose and brought them the photographs. "Ach Gott! these men are terrible, they attempt the impossible!" and they, with strenuous verbal effort, decided that Englishmen at home must be madder than when abroad. Nevertheless, the method of our madness interested them not a little, and they were at any rate convinced that we were not without our training-ground for heavier work in the Alps—our *polytechnik*—where correct principles could be learnt and inwardly digested by the aid of suitable practice.

We cannot ignore the fact that our polytechnic is small and incomplete. Ten years ago, our athletes were few, and the Cumberland fells were large enough for all. But with this terribly rapid growth of the "tooth-and-nail" industry, there has arisen the corresponding demand for technical training in that special subject, and we find that additional space is required for the use of fresh students of mountaineering, and new work of an advanced character for those who have graduated in the ordinary courses. So far as the English school is concerned, we must be prepared to admit without much qualification that there is no more room, and that there are not many problems remaining unsolved.

When these zealous students gather together on high days and holidays, the hotels are crowded and the outhouses filled to overflowing. The popular gullies are thronged with visitors. It becomes almost necessary to issue numbered tickets to the waiting throng at

the foot of the Gable Needle. Orders for the ascent of Kern Knotts may be received two days in advance; this is a fact in my own experience. In ascending Deep Ghyll, parties are expected to adhere strictly to the rule of the road for the convenience of the general public. An unexpected jamming in a tight chimney stops the traffic several yards away; and, as in our London streets when a similar suspension of traffic occurs, there is a general discharge of expletives along the impatient line, and a hoarse cry of " 'igher up, there! "

But spite of all this, the work goes on merrily enough, and I daresay it loses little in efficiency. Apart from the orthodox holiday seasons—such as Easter and Whitsuntide—there are times when single parties can have the fells to themselves. They are available practically the whole year round; they are rarely barred for long by adverse conditions of ice, snow, or general bad weather; and for tyro or expert alike they supply all that is needful for a thorough relaxation of his work-a-day strain, and a complete recuperation of his physical strength.

It would be beside the mark to dwell on the possibilities of the future in the direction of the removal of those disadvantages under which climbers in England may now be said to labour. No doubt accelerated train services to the north may be expected before long to take us in a reasonable time to the unexplored mountain recesses of bonnie Scotland, which, if we accept the utterances of our northern neighbours, offers plenty of magnificent exploratory work for generations to come; though for the present, we in the south feel that the expense of time and money had better be incurred in carrying us to Switzerland instead. Leaving that question altogether, it may be reasonably contended that we have quite as much as is good for us in our own country. Those who can fairly claim to have exhausted English climbing—if there are any such—are not in the least likely to be contented with a whole England full of dolomitic or granite crags, and are bound to take opportunity to try conclusions with the hardest problems abroad. These men are beyond the schools; they have taken their education into their own hands, and we can only look on and admire—or deplore. He who must ever be bent on achieving something new is not to be envied. Mummery used to hold that that which gave the acutest pleasure in a climb was the element of uncertainty; and writing without reference to the particular passage in his noble book, I believe he claims that it was only in fresh exploration that he could get a thoroughly satisfying amount of this uncertainty. This, with all deference, is a little too much. It may for a first-class mountaineer detract something from his pleasure to feel that he is certain to get up because someone else has already managed the ascent before him; but

for most of us there are glorious uncertainties in plenty on routes not altogether new, and even when convinced of our ultimate success, we can get our fill of pleasure from other elements in the day's sport, the variety of which Mummery himself was most emphatic in describing.

It was as good as a day's scrambling to meet our president recently at Chamonix, on his arrival one afternoon from Courmayeur by way of Mont Blanc. He had been up goodness knows how many times—I am ashamed for not knowing the exact number—and his enjoyment was as great as ever. He was none the less a true mountaineer for revelling in the expedition, or for neglecting to think of the hundreds who had been up there before him, and of the grand uncertainties of the game. He obtained his day's exhilarating exercise, his fresh views of familiar old peaks, his recollections of former climbs and probably his anticipations of future ones. Then in the evening he entertained us with talk of past days at Penygwryd, where year after year the same party used to assemble at Christmastide and have a rare good time. They did the same climbs again and again—they and the weather supplied the variety—and for over twenty years the place was big enough for their pleasure. Let us therefore make up our minds that England will do for ours.

The note of warning is even now sounded for us. Since penning the last sentence news comes from the Tyrol of the death of Mr. L. Norman-Neruda, one of the most skilful and daring of the modern school of rock climbers. His was the first ascent of the Fünffingerspitze by the north side, a climb that he characterized as the hardest he had ever attempted. Since that time he has explored that particular peak as no other amateur has done, and many of us may recall with interest his well-written and well-illustrated article that appeared three years ago in the *Zeitschrift*, on the Fünffingerspitze *als Typus eines Modeberges*—as the type of a fashionable rock climb—fashionable because of its extreme difficulty. With a daring that few would care to emulate he climbed his favourite peak entirely alone, by all its routes in the same day. Familiarity did not breed contempt perhaps, but neither did it ensure a certainty of success, for it was on the south route up this same Fünffingerspitze that the accident happened which caused his death. With all our fondness for familiar climbs, let us therefore relax in no wise that caution which their difficulties demand of us. It is by no means paradoxical to assert that the more seriously we take to our work, the more we shall be able to rejoice in it.

On the threshold of a new departure, we first members of the English Climbers' Club have good reason to pause and contemplate our responsibilities. The formation of a club, if it does not mean a

pledge to justify our pursuit to the outer world, at any rate implies a conviction in us that adverse critics could be silenced with fuller knowledge of what we risk and what we gain. The outer world have every right to enquire into the cause of misadventure that happens to us, every right to blame severely those whose folly or negligence has taken bad luck by the hand and courted disaster. We may be too proud or too indifferent to answer their adverse judgments, but it is well-nigh impossible for even an inveterate climber to remain entirely unaffected by the opinions of his friends and relatives. The experience of the Alpine Club is at our disposal; its champions in dialectic are fortunately ours of necessity, and it remains to act up to our convictions and theirs. Accidents to novices will always set the world barking at our heels; accidents to our tried mountaineers, rare though they must assuredly be, turn our best arguments against us.

All this moralising is very well, but it is not exactly what the editor required of me. He has let me take the lead in a new climb, and under the pretence of prospecting, I have run out on an unconscionable length of rope before beginning the actual business of the day. And yet here again is a sign of the times; our climbing literature as well as our districts are becoming exhausted. The usual narration of a modern mountaineering achievement suggests an aimless circling round and round in aerial flight, with an apparent forgetfulness of time and object, and then a sudden pounce on the unfortunate little, half-hidden *motif*. It is kept out of sight in the preliminary pages, and then bolted in a paragraph. The veterans with axe and pen are a little hard on all this. They actually expect us to please them, as much as they please us! They have used up all the little climbing jokes; they bar our reference to the pleasures and penalties of nights out, to damp or otherwise unrestful beds, to the matchless excellences of our leaders, to the glories of Alpine sunrises and sunsets, to every type of incident that used to supply them with so much copy. They were frequently inaccurate in matters of climbing detail, probably deeming accuracy incompatible with artistic treatment of their subject. Yet they laugh at our "times," and profess to despise the details that are now-a-days so fully and generously offered them. No wonder the sensitive scribe is tempted to compact his matter into the smallest possible space, and write on other subjects for the rest of his article. We may well envy the pioneers their opportunities, but at the same time we may console ourselves with the reflection that they did much for us. It would be unbecoming to appear thankless. Any more information on English climbing they perhaps think it is impossible to supply, now that nearly every gully and ridge and pinnacle has been written up *in extenso*. It was a fine sarcasm in a recent paper before

the Alpine Club that permeated the allusion to our luckless literary efforts. The author could not, or would not, remember the details of his own climbing expedition, and amusingly contrasted it with the accounts of ascents in England or Wales, or the Coolins of Skye, where it was deemed necessary to know, on starting out from the hotel, which foot to put foremost, and where detail was so elaborate that a stonefall in a gully might call for a new edition. But this same author, in the rôle of scientific exponent of the principles of mountaineering, also studies the subject with microscopic minuteness. His directions to the would-be climber are innumerable. There may be thirty-seven things for an oarsman to think about in each stroke, but a cragsman has a thousand and one. Nor are these directions supplied with examples. We read in his instructive pages of the various aids to stability: how to place our hands, our feet, and the other portions of our anatomy that can be temporarily used as limbs; but we do not know where we are. We have to imagine the situations, or draw on our past experiences. Only those with a past can appreciate the ingenious analysis; those without must wait.

To write realistically about rock climbing is one of the hardest things in the world; and to understand what the writer is striving to explain, when he is narrating the overcoming or circumvention of difficulties, is often almost impossible even with the work of the most gifted authors. Perhaps one of the most explicit, and at the same time, most enjoyable narratives of the kind ever written, is Mummery's chapter on the Grépon, but until the reader has traversed this peak, he will never realize the description sufficiently well to understand the nature of its general design, and of its chief difficulties. This journal must be persuaded to tolerate it, but incomprehensible to all but Cumberland climbers will be the following account of a famous foreign rock climb, illustrated by references to similar passages in our own district.

It was my great pleasure to be taken across the Dent du Requin last August. Its preliminaries were of the ordinary character—easy glacier for two hours, intermittent steep moraine and ice for an hour, much-crevassed glacier for an hour. Then the rock-work began with an hour of the easy parts of the Ennerdale face of Great Gable, minus all vestiges of grass or other vegetation. All members of the party could move together, even when the scrambling was varied by the passage of the Slab-and-Notch Route. This brought us to a shoulder on the main east ridge of the mountain, and in a situation such as the top of the first part of the West Climb on the Pillar Rock, we sat and lunched, and examined the remaining work before us. The highest point was about a hundred and fifty feet above our heads, separated off by a wide

and very Savage Gully that descended steeply 1,500 feet to the glacier below. The ridge on which we were seated curved up on our left, like the upper portion of the Needle Ridge, and fifty feet above us it wound across directly towards the final tower, like the horizontal ridge finish of the Shamrock Chimney.

The first party to reach the summit of the Requin descended 400 feet of the Savage Gully, and, bearing across to more broken ground on the other side of the peak, they forced a route up the north face. Our own party adopted a course that involved no long descent. Looking across at the final tower, we could see that it was seamed by a vertical chimney starting from the level of the Shamrock ridge on our left, and extending upwards for 100 feet to an elevated notch on the left side of the tower, close to the highest point. This chimney, an erected "Oblique" Chimney, was divided into two equal portions, of which perhaps only the upper half could be climbed without a fixed rope. At any rate, the lower part had been occasionally attempted, but never achieved. Our route followed the ridge up to the great tower, and skirted the foot of the Oblique Chimney by an easy hand traverse. It then descended the Savage Gully by a crack thirty feet long, to a small resting-place for three, such as that below the pinnacle on the Keswick Brothers' Climb. Thence a Pendlebury Traverse led across nearly to the other side of the Savage Gully, and a steep but easy first pitch of the A Pike's Crag Gully brought us to a secondary buttress that marked the limit of our traversing. Then a succession of chimneys and ledges gradually turning the tower, brought us to the elevated notch at the head of the Oblique Chimney. It must suffice to say that the series started with the outside route up the Needle, a rather wide Doctor's Chimney, and the direct finish of the great Ennerdale Gully on Gable Crag. Nothing harder was encountered. From the notch there remained a few feet of easy cleft, and a finish up the Y-boulder of Mosedale. The ascent from our breakfasting-place, and the return by means of a doubled rope twice used in the Oblique Chimney, occupied only two hours exclusive of halts—quite a Cumberland time. We had left the hotel at 2 a.m. (unusual for Wastdale!) and were back again at 3.30 p.m. Another party on the mountain, unaccustomed to these importations of English ascents into French territory, decided somewhat early in the day to give up the Requin, and left it to us.

Though the few guides who have climbed the Requin are asking for it a tariff of 300 francs, it does not demand greater skill or strength in its individual pitches, separately considered, than are needed in the English climbs enumerated in the above description. Some may ask why was it that the first party, all men of the highest attainments in mountaineering, took 20 hours from bivouac to summit and back?

The answer is simple: they were tired after the long journey out from England, they had to design a route up, and they had the experiences of but a few previous explorers on the mountain. Their second ascent would have been accomplished in half the time; its narration would not have been half so thrilling. Dr. Clinton Dent, in reviewing Mummery's book for the *Alpine Journal*, remarked that such climbs as the Dent du Requin and the "crack" on the Grépon are impossible for men who have not been schooled in the ways of guides of the stamp of Alexander Burgener. We can sympathise with his strong partisanship for the guide that led him ultimately to victory in that long-protracted struggle with the almost unconquerable Grand Dru, but we do not altogether agree with his remark. He should be persuaded to join our club, and take part in some of our guideless meets; for the particular *tours de force* that he quotes, he might learn that a training-school nearer home can be found where no Burgeners are wanted.

While thus running counter to the well-known opinion of an expert, let me venture even a step further. Everybody knows of the Aiguille du Géant, and of the fixed ropes all the way up the interesting finish. Also most climbers will remember that Mr. Leslie Stephen, examining it from Mont Mallet in 1871, remarked that nobody would ever climb it by fair means. So far, indeed, he is right, in that various engineering methods were employed by the first party to mount it, and all succeeding visitors have benefited by the ropes and stanchions they left behind. Yet I am convinced that a party of two men could climb the Aiguille without these aids. The lower crack on the Burgener platten, usually reckoned the stiffest piece on the rock, is less difficult than the direct ascent to the Slingsby Chimney on Scawfell Pinnacle, from the first pitch in Deep Ghyll. The slightly overhanging chimney on the main ridge above the platten, taken by two men, is equalled in severity by many a short English pitch. The higher pinnacle of Robin Hood's Stride in Derbyshire is a match for it.

We must bear in mind in making these comparisons that a climber can reach the hard cragwork of our country in a brief time from his starting-point, and without initial fatigue he can start on the severest work of the day; whereas abroad, it is the usual thing to spend a restless night and several hours of tiring, monotonous grind before the real troubles begin. Such a handicap as this would, with the average man, put many English climbs out of the question. The accident to Mr. Alfred Evans on Snowdon, ten years ago, is generally attributed to the fatigue consequent on his climbing for a few hours before starting the ascent of Lliwedd, on which the slip occurred. A weak or untrained individual in Switzerland cannot even reach the crux of a

long expedition. Everything is magnified out there; preliminaries may last half a day or more, and the *mauvais quart d'heure* in which the climber's technical skill is taxed to the utmost may last two or three hours! Hence it is that endurance is frequently of more importance than skill, and the foolishness of comparing the Gable Needle with the Aiguille du Géant as a climb is manifest. So we must tolerate the scornful contempt of the first-rate guides for the difficult problems on the Shohorn boulder at Zermatt—which, maybe, they cannot solve for themselves—in humble consideration of what they can do in the way of practical gymnastics after twelve hours of the severe trials of leadership. Of a truth many of our most prized little climbs in Cumberland are but slightly better than boulder problems. Taken singly, they cannot be reckoned for much Alpine practice, nor can our ability to surmount them justify us in assuming airs of superiority over men of general elementary experience abroad.

Always recognising these limitations, it is precisely because the English work is shorter, but at the same time, pitch for pitch, equally difficult, that we should value our home mountaineering. The grouping of the crags is so excellent that our much-enduring wanderers can always put in more exercise, if a single gully or ridge is found to have absorbed too little of their available energy. It generally suffices for them. The Cambrian or Cumbrian air is magnificent, but there is some further fine quality in the atmosphere of the great Alps, which makes a Swiss climbing day of fourteen hours about as easy to undertake as an eight-hours' day on the fells. The labour involved in a walk down Wastdale, an ascent of one of the Screes gullies, and a return along the ridge and home by Burnmoor, is as much as we are usually willing to incur in a day. The responsibilities of leadership for a man accustomed to professional guidance add a few hours to the effective length of his course, and no amount of experience as leader should diminish the extra effort that his position demands.

Sometimes a series of "events" are run through with great rapidity. One fine afternoon in April, a party of three men, all well acquainted with the rocks, and in perfect form, rattled up the Eagle's Nest Ridge by the ordinary route, down the Arrowhead, up the Needle Ridge, and down the Needle Gully; the whole set taking but an hour and three-quarters. This is very fast going, and more careful parties would prefer to take twice as long. Yet it shows how the crags shrink under practised and daring hands. The same thing, of course, occurs abroad, and induces us occasionally to believe that the great Swiss climbs are a bagatelle. The irreducible minimum of time for the Grépon was almost touched lately by a party threatened with a lightning storm all the while they were on the rocks. They were only 10½



DOW CRAGS.

*From a photo. by G. P. ABRAHAM,
KESWICK.*

hours out from the Montanvert, and less than half of this time was spent in crag climbing! It is no unusual thing for ten hours to be so spent. To judge the work on the Grépon by the minimum would be to estimate it as a moderately severe Cumberland day; whereas the effort involved in the traverse is quite as much as that in the ascent twice over of all the Napes ridges. Further comparisons, rough though they may be, will perhaps prove interesting. We will take the longer English climbs and the shorter Swiss ones, estimating their relation chiefly by the times taken by the same individual. The Pillar Rock by the North Climb gives about as much rock work as the Portiengrat traverse, the Zinal ridge of the Rothhorn, or the Wandfluh ridge of the Dent Blanche. The passage from the Dom to the Täschhorn in the most perfect state of the ridge, when the time spent in step-cutting and in careful negotiation of cornices is almost negligible, is as a descent of Gable by way of the Westmorland Crags and the Needle Ridge, and a subsequent ascent of the Ennerdale face by the traverse and the Bottle-shaped Pinnacle ridge. Some of the Chamonix aiguilles offer little but snow and ice. The Aiguille du Plan gives no more rock on the ordinary route than we find on the Penrith climb of Scawfell, and the Aiguille du Midi rocks are matched in time and quality by those from the Low Man to the summit of the Pillar. The Blaitière, if free from ice, is equal to the West Pillar route, up to the snow *col*; and its last part has an approximate equivalent in the ascent of the Scawfell Pisgah from the Rake's Progress by the new climb from the Tennis Court. The Little Dru—ah, well, it is the finest climb out there; splendid quality of work, and plenty of it. I think rather too well of the rocks of the Little Dru to build it up of bits of England, but half a dozen of our best and longest courses on end would scarcely match it. Many readers with experience of the Alpine peaks will be inclined to take exception to these comparisons. But it must be remembered that no attempt is here made to describe the greater climbs by home analogies; we are only discussing the relative amounts and quality of rock exercise involved in the parallel cases. It is an infliction to be possessed of an acute recollection of their details when making these analogies, for the variety is infinite, and no two pitches are alike in the wide world. Those who have not climbed in the Alps will more readily pardon deficiencies. The comparisons are certainly made chiefly for their interest. They read of great doings abroad, and are at a loss to connect up with their own experiences at home.

The opportunities of fresh exploration in England are nearly exhausted; that fact we were sadly compelled to admit at the outset. But new work of considerable interest is continually being done, and will go on for a few years to come. Routes unexceptionable in both

quality and safety are found for us in the most unexpected quarters. Who would have thought, at the time of the first ascent of Moss Ghyll, that the great cliff between that magnificent gully and the Mickledore, could have offered two such splendid climbs as those named after Dr. Collier and the Keswick brothers? It is true that the former route was tabooed by the careful for some years after the first ascent, as being both difficult and dangerous. But it has lately been shown that its initial thirty feet—the only doubtful portion—can be safely negotiated with a looped rope, or still more safely turned on the right. Nobody can take exception to the second of the above pair, which, with care and moderate skill, is as reliable a route as any to be found on Scawfell. Then again the gully in Borrowdale that yielded to the attack of Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby's party last year, was a surprise to nearly everybody, even to those whose wandering gaze had occasionally rested on the dark vertical line that divides Blea Crag so suggestively. We have in the Alps the Adlerjoch, named in remembrance of the eagle's wing picked up there by the first party; the Col de l'Abeille, from the "vagrant bee perplexed" that tried to cross the pass, and, halting on the snow, became a victim to frost-bite, and all but succumbed to the intense cold; the Col des Hirondelles, from the poor dead swallows that Leslie Stephen came too late to save. But here in Borrowdale Mr. Slingsby strikes a new departure. He has aptly christened his climb "Mouse Ghyll," for he passed a veritable *ridiculus mus* clearing the great pitch at a single leap. Apparently it suffered no harm, but it must have ached next day, and one hopes that it will live long enough to learn of the honour bestowed upon it for making the first recorded descent of the Blea Crag gully. From all accounts the Ghyll must have points of decided merit. Its position is very convenient for sojourners at Rosthwaite or Seatoller, and there is a most attractive outlook from its crest. Moreover, a variation at the finish offers a "crack" climb comparable with those on Kern Knotts. Less interesting as a whole, but well worth a visit from Keswick or Grasmere, is the Black Crag that yielded to the assault of Messrs. Abraham's party. The route is up a steep and forbidding-looking chimney, out of sight from the main road from Keswick to Wythburn. There is some trouble with bad rock, but the great pitch is sufficiently difficult to tempt the most experienced and enterprising.

Passing over to Coniston, we may truly endorse Mr. Haskett Smith's opinion of Doe Crag—that the climbing here is second to none in the district. Not only are there five splendid gullies, all of which have now been proved surmountable, but it is almost a certainty that each of the separating ridges will offer a route to the crest of the great precipice. In a previous article on Doe Crag, I have referred to

five gullies. These, viewed from Goatswater, and taken left to right, were named: The Easy Gully, Great Gully, Central Chimney, Intermediate Gully, and the North Gully. Since writing the article, a visit to the spot has shown the existence of a magnificent cleft between the Intermediate and the North Gullies. As the two ascents already made of this cleft were accomplished on Easter Day (1895 and 1898), we may christen it the Easter Gully. There are thus six gullies in all, but the first is devoid of interest after the others. It was probably the North Gully that Messrs. Robinson and Haskett Smith visited in 1886. The Great Gully was climbed in 1888 by Messrs. Hastings, Haskett Smith, and E. Hopkinson. On Easter Day, 1895, the Intermediate Gully was successfully tackled by Messrs. Campbell, Edward, Albert, and J. H. Hopkinson; the "Easter" Gully by Messrs. Otto Koecher and Charles Hopkinson; a third party took the North Gully again, and above the chief difficulty, they managed to traverse into the upper portion of the Easter Gully. Two years later, in April 1897, Mr. Godfrey Ellis and I made the first ascent of the Central Chimney, under the impression that it was one of the 1895 climbs. Finally, at Easter 1898, Mr. W. J. Williams and I, still puzzled with cases of mistaken identity, resolved to take the whole set, and make notes of their many details. Our plan was fairly well worked out, but in the Easter Gully, we made a new route up the great pitch, instead of taking it in a straightforward manner. This move was forced upon us by reason of the heavy rain.

The Intermediate and the North Gullies went fairly well, though we thought both were severe. I was certainly wrong in calling the latter easy in my published account, and Mr. Robinson lost no time in rising to uphold the honour of his 1886 climb. The former is far more troublesome. It may conceivably be taken direct over every pitch; but it is safer, drier, and more expeditious to turn the two worst constrictions of the long cleft by traversing out to the right, as the first party did. The extreme slenderness of the whole gully for three hundred feet, and its uniform steepness, are sufficient to sustain the interest until the upper screes are reached. Even then the scrambling is not finished, but it becomes possible for the members of the party to advance simultaneously to the highest point of Doe Crags.

The Easter Gully was quite out of the question so far as the direct route was concerned, for water was streaming down the vertical chimney in great quantity. The holds are too small to be safely employed when wet. Messrs. Brett and Garrett made a determined attempt on this chimney a year before, but they were not quite sure whether it was the place to which I had directed their attention, and conditions were unfavourable. We were quite willing at the first

glance to take it for granted that the chimney would go, without risking our limbs to prove the point. But a secondary chimney on the left of the other, reached after the great boulder near the bottom had been passed, was quite dry and feasible. It certainly took us in the wrong direction, but we ventured to start in it on the chance of finding some means of rejoining the main route higher up. Where our cleft became dangerous by reason of the great spikes of rock that formed a *chevaux de frise* to block our passage, we deflected off to the right, and with infinite trouble succeeded in clambering up the wall to a grass platform that dominated the first 80 feet of the direct chimney. Even then we could not manage the remaining 15 feet of waterfall on the main route, but were compelled to stride across to a minute ledge on the other side, traverse a few yards outwards in a horribly exposed situation, and then, by following the ridge, raise ourselves to the level of the top of the chimney. The difficulties of this passage impressed us deeply; though for this, the cold and wet rocks, the intermittent rain, and the swirling mist around us, were largely responsible. Above the chimney the gully divided, each branch giving excellent work till the short scree near the summit-ridge was attained. A cairn now marks the head of the Easter Gully.

The descent of the Great Gully makes a convenient finish of a moderately easy kind, after the severe labour of an ascent by the Central Chimney, the Intermediate, or the Easter Gully. But the loose stones are rather unpleasant, and the route is becoming hackneyed. It is much more interesting to descend by the North Gully. There is a considerable amount of scree at the commencement of the downward course—perhaps 150 feet—and then a ledge or two is passed before we arrive at the level of the highest of the three great stones that together make the chief pitch. Working steadily downwards to the right, there follows some amusing crawling round a corner into a low-roofed cavern, where a suitable spike may be found for a doubled rope to steady the last man down the next twenty feet of wall-climbing. Below this the gully is steep but easy, resembling the lower part of the Pavey Ark Great Gully.

It is to be hoped that before long good account can be rendered of the Doe Crag ridges. For the present let us turn to that favoured spot, the Scawfell face. Some eighteen months ago Messrs. George and Ashley Abraham suggested to me that the ridge between Moss Ghyll and Steep Ghyll should be made to supply a route to Pisgah from the Tennis Court Ledge. We were able during the fine weather of last April to try conclusions with the ridge. Examination of the great buttress in question, from the north side of the Pinnacle, showed a well-broken portion at the level of the head of the Slingsby

Chimney, up to which we were fairly confident of forcing a way from Moss Ghyll. But from that point the ridge was uncompromisingly vertical, and for forty feet the route was questionable. Operations began on the Tennis Court, with an awkward crack at its furthest corner, which called for combined operations on the part of all three. Twelve feet higher a second ledge was reached, scarcely big enough for a Fives' Court. Then a steep chimney led in thirty feet directly to the ridge. Just before reaching it, a tempting byeway to the left drew the leader away from the true course, but the fearful quivering of a huge block that barred his way drove him back. This was exceedingly fortunate, for the chimney ascent with which he would have presently been involved, was of a dangerous character. When the three of us were well placed on the sharp edge of the buttress, a council of war was held. A movement to the right would have exposed us to the critical suggestions of another party on the Low Man, and would have been very hard. The rocks in front were vertical and unreliable. Those on the left were not altogether firm, but were no worse than those we had already encountered. Taking to these, the leader worked cautiously round, and before the others moved onwards, he reached a spot on the ridge where all real difficulty terminated. All arrived there, we unroped, and taking the remaining rocks in a go-as-you-please style, we hurried off in search of our respective cameras, which had been left below by reason of their supposed inexperience.

On the same day another suggestion was carried out that had been made to me long before by Dr. Collier. This was to climb Scawfell Pinnacle from the foot of Professor's Chimney. The first part overhung considerably, and the footholds—such as they were—sloped the wrong way. But the rocks were dry and warm, in the best possible condition, and finger tips could find an abundance of encouraging little roughnesses on the slabs. Scarcely two minutes of uncertainty, and the route was assured. An upward traverse to the left, away from the forbidding buttress that figures so prominently in the best views of the pinnacle, led to a slight chimney that conducted me easily to the Low Man ridge in ten minutes from Deep Ghyll. An equal interval sufficed to allow a traverse of the pinnacle, and a descent by the Professor's Chimney to the starting-point.

Finally, let me mention that apart from the Deep Ghyll routes up Scawfell Pinnacle, there is now a soul-satisfying climb on to the Low Man, from the Lord's Rake, that does not touch Steep Ghyll. It was climbed one evening in May, 1898, by Mr. G. T. Walker and myself. The problem before us was not new—that of reaching Slingsby's Chimney from below by the Deep Ghyll ridge. We struck this at its base by the Deep Ghyll first pitch, and followed it till it began to

overhang. This took us up about 100 feet. Then we bore up to the left, by a movement wonderfully similar to that described in the preceding paragraph. Twice the leader ran out fifty feet before the second could follow in safety. At last, after a good deal of open traverse over steeply-sloping rocks, we reached a flat-floored recess that I recognised. It was roofed by the great block fifty feet high, from the top of which starts the awkward step up to the foot of Slingshy's Chimney. Our cave might possibly be reached from below by a long gully in the face, instead of our ridge and traverse. The latter was certainly difficult. We used stockinged feet as an improvised substitute for *kletterschuhe*, and found the roughness of the outward-sloping slabs charmingly adapted to our needs. From the cave we had to twist ourselves out at the right-hand top corner, and manœuvre on to a narrow ledge. This was just good enough for the toes, and had to be traversed to the right without handhold of any sort. In ten feet we reached the Low Man wall, and entered the cleft that separates off the great block. A few yards of chimney climbing, with our precious boots tied round our necks, and the ordinary "outside" route up the pinnacle was joined. There ended our little exploration, and we were glad to hurry home.

Messrs. Reade and McCulloch have lately climbed the West Jordan gully on the Pillar, and Mr. John Robinson writes to say that there is another fine route now open on Scawfell! In former times, one new, good climb per annum, was all they expected; now we claim much more. This almost monthly record of new expeditions is surely a sign of anything but exhaustion, and we live in hope that it will last.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED IN CLIMBING ACCIDENTS.

By E. C. DANIEL.

INJURIES in climbing accidents are caused in two ways—

1. By falls.
2. By falling bodies.

The nature of the injuries received differs in no way from injuries received in the ordinary walks of life.

We will deal with injuries in the following order, beginning with the least serious:—

1. Contusions and cuts.
2. Sprains and fractures, and dislocations.
3. Internal injuries.

And at the end of the article will be found a few words on the subject of frost-bite.

It is, I am afraid, impossible to give illustrations, which would materially assist in making clear some of the methods of applying splints and bandages, so I have to rely on description. For those of my readers who wish for a clearer insight and knowledge of the subject, I should recommend the reading of a small book published by the St. John Ambulance Association, entitled "First Aid to the Injured," * which is well and clearly illustrated.

CONTUSIONS OR BRUISES,

as a rule, require no treatment: if at all severe, hot fomentations will relieve pain; should the pain be intense and throbbing, the injured part should be raised and kept at rest—*e.g.*, the arm carried in a sling, or the leg kept at rest on a couch or chair, while hot applications are persevered with.

The after effects—stiffness—may be relieved by rubbing with one of the numerous forms of embrocation.

* To be obtained at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. London, E.C. Price 1s.

CUTS.

The danger of a cut lies in the possibility of a poison getting into the wound and causing blood poisoning, or of some blood vessel being injured and causing serious hæmorrhage or bleeding.

To prevent the wound being poisoned, it should be thoroughly cleansed with pure water (water such as is found in mountain streams is sufficiently pure for this purpose, but if the accident has happened in the neighbourhood of human habitations, where the water may be contaminated from a variety of causes, the water should be boiled before being applied to an open wound). The wound, having been cleaned, should be covered with a piece of clean dry linen or other dressing to exclude dirt and micro-organisms, which are the cause of blood poisoning.

The essentials are to clean and keep clean.

HÆMORRHAGE OR BLEEDING

is described as arterial, venous, or capillary—

Arterial, from an artery or vessel which is carrying blood from the heart to all parts of the body.

Venous, from a vein or vessel which is carrying blood from all parts of the body to the heart.

Capillary, from the small vessels which form the communication between the arteries and the veins.

Capillary bleeding is the least serious; it is such as is caused by a scratch or graze, and may be stopped by bathing in cold water or by bandaging on a pad of lint or linen.

Venous bleeding is more serious. The blood is a dark red colour, and keeps welling up from the wound. A pad of lint or linen dipped in cold water should be applied to the wound, and tied on by a bandage or handkerchief. If the bleeding still continues, the limb should be bandaged on the side of the wound *away* from the heart. The limb must be raised; and not allowed to hang down.

Arterial bleeding is the most serious, as unless it is stopped the patient will rapidly bleed to death.

The blood is bright red, and spurts from the wound in a jerky jet, being driven forcibly with each pulsation of the heart.

To stop it the following methods must be employed:—

Apply firm pressure to the wound, by thumb or fingers, or by tying a pad tightly over the wound; if this fails, pressure must be applied to the bleeding artery *between* the wound and the heart, at a

point where the vessel passes over a bone: this may be done effectually by—

1. Pressure with the fingers.
2. A pad and bandage.
3. Some form of tourniquet.

Methods 1 and 2 require special knowledge of the position and course of the arteries, which it would take too long to describe in this article; there are, however, two useful ways of improvising a tourniquet, means for doing which are nearly always at hand.

(1) A handkerchief, neck-cloth, or piece of rope. One or other of these may be used in the following way:—Tie loosely round the wounded limb at some point between the wound and the heart, pass a stick through the loop and twist it up until the pressure is just sufficient to arrest the bleeding; then with another handkerchief tie the stick to the limb to prevent its becoming untwisted.

(2) An elastic belt, or elastic braces, which should be applied as follows between the bleeding point and the heart:—Put the elastic on the stretch, and then bandage tightly round the limb, taking care that one turn lies exactly over another, drawing each tight until the bleeding ceases; fix the bandage by tying a piece of string or a handkerchief tightly over it.

SPRAINS AND FRACTURES.

These injuries are caused by either direct or indirect violence: *e.g.*, a bone may be broken by a rock falling on it and breaking it at the point struck—direct violence; or it may be broken by a fall, the bone snapping at its weakest point by reason of the strain, of the weight of the body, suddenly brought upon it—indirect violence.

A joint may be sprained by a force insufficient to break a bone, but sufficient to stretch and tear the ligaments which bind together the bones forming the joint. It is a matter of the utmost importance to keep a sprained joint at rest; if at all severe, splints should be applied, to ensure that absolute rest which is necessary for the repair of the ruptured ligaments, and for recovery with a strong joint.

The pain of a sprain, which is often great, may be relieved by bathing the part in hot water, or by fomentations: if hot water cannot be obtained, the *continuous* application of cold may afford relief. The sufferer must not, however, be constantly changing from hot applications to cold, and in either case the application must be continuous.

When the acute symptoms—pain, swelling, and tenderness—have disappeared, rubbing with a stimulating liniment, such as hartshorn and oil, will assist in strengthening the joint.

The limb must be kept elevated, on chair or sofa.

FRACTURES.

The following classification is usually adopted to indicate the nature and severity of the injury:—

1. Simple: in which the bone only is broken, and there is no injury to other parts.
2. Compound: in which, beside the broken bone, there is a wound in the skin which communicates with the ends of the broken bone.
3. Comminuted: in which the bone is broken into several pieces.
4. Complicated: in which, in addition to the injury to the bone, there is more or less serious injury to neighbouring structures, such as blood vessels, nerves, muscles, &c.

I here give in a tabular form the signs of fracture, and in a parallel column the signs of dislocation of a joint, as it is important to distinguish one from the other, as, of course, the treatment will depend upon the nature of the injury.

SIGNS OF

FRACTURE.	DISLOCATION.
1. Loss of power in the injured limb.	1. Loss of power; the injured joint is fixed instead of movable.
2. Pain and swelling at seat of fracture.	2. Pain and swelling at joint.
3. Deformity in length of the limb.	3. Deformity at the joint.
4. Gentle pulling restores limb to natural shape; but distortion reappears when traction ceases.	4. Gentle pulling does not restore limb to natural shape.
5. When gently handled there is found to be movement in the shaft of the bone, where it ought to be rigid; and at the same time a grating sensation (crepitus) may be felt as the broken ends of the bone rub against one another.	5. No crepitus; limb is rigid.
6. If the bone is near the surface, irregularity may be felt.	

In examining the injured part very great care must be exercised, or a simple fracture may be converted into a compound one by the sharp ends of the broken bone penetrating the skin; or the injury may be complicated by damage to blood vessels or nerves from the same cause. If there is any doubt in a case, do not maul the unfortunate sufferer about in the endeavour to get "crepitus," but treat at once as a fracture: you are then on the safe side, and your patient is protected from further injury.

In case of dislocation, do not attempt to reduce it: this requires special knowledge and considerable practice and skill. You should merely put the limb in the most comfortable position, and take the case to a doctor: the arm should be placed in a sling; the leg should be fixed by bandages or straps, in such a position that the patient may, if possible, be free from pain.

SPECIAL FRACTURES.

Fracture of the Skull.—Patient is probably unconscious, and there may be bleeding from the ears, nose, or mouth.

Keep patient perfectly quiet, in recumbent position.

Fracture of the Collar-Bone, or Clavicle.—There are the usual signs of fracture, and in addition we may notice that the patient has his head bent over to the injured side, and he is supporting the elbow of the injured limb with the other hand.

Put the arm in a sling, and bind so as to fix the elbow to the side of the body.

Fracture of Humerus, or Arm-Bone, gives rise to the usual signs of fracture. The arm should be fixed with splints applied on the inner and outer side of the arm so as to prevent the broken fragments from moving; the splints must be secured by handkerchiefs or bandages tied firmly round the limb on either side of the seat of fracture. Having secured the splints, put the arm in a sling.

Fracture of the Forearm.—Presents the usual signs of fracture if both bones are broken; if only one bone is broken, the sound bone acts as a splint and keeps the fragments in place, so there is no marked deformity, and the other signs of fracture are less obvious. Splints should be applied in this way:—First flex forearm to right angle on the arm, keeping the thumb uppermost; place one splint on inside and one on outer side of forearm, and tie securely in their place; put the arm in a sling.

Fracture of Ribs.—There is great pain on breathing, the sufferer taking short, jerky breaths. A broad bandage should be applied tightly round the chest; or the coat may be drawn tight round the chest and fixed with pins.

Fracture of Thigh-Bone.—Typical signs of fracture. A long splint, extending from the armpit to ankle, on the outer side of the limb (for this purpose an ice axe would do admirably); it must be fixed by bandages or ropes tied firmly round the chest, the hip-bone (not the stomach), and round the legs (above and below the fracture); and, lastly, tie the legs together.

Fracture of Legs.—Apply a splint on the inside and outside of

leg. fix with bandages on either side of the fracture, and tie the legs together.

As mentioned above, an ice axe will form a useful splint; besides which, sticks may be used; the legs of a camera tripod; a stocking stuffed with earth and tied at the top and above the ankle, or the stocking may be filled with moss, grass, hay, or straw; pieces of wood; a knapsack wound round the limb, especially if a cane back.

If a hard substance be used for a splint, care must be taken to pad it with some soft material: the clothes may be used for this; a coat or an empty ruck sac may be wrapped round the limb.

Whatever splints are used, they must be firmly fixed to the limb by means of bandages applied round an uninjured part: when bandages are unobtainable, the splints may be secured by handkerchiefs, neckties, bootlaces, string, strips of cloth, straps, &c.

N.B.—Put limb in as natural position as possible before fixing the splints.

Never attempt to move the patient until the fractured limb has been fixed in splints, or in some other way so as to prevent the broken bone from moving.

If there is arterial or venous hæmorrhage the bleeding must first be stopped, the wound dressed, and the fracture then attended to.

INTERNAL INJURIES.

Generally indicated by pain and collapse, or shock.

Patient complains of pain in the injured part, becomes pale, pulseless, with cold extremities, and may be only half-conscious.

He must be kept perfectly quiet, and should not be moved, if it can be avoided, until medical assistance has been obtained.

In this article one can do no more than give a vague idea of what should be attempted in case of certain injuries. To obtain a really useful knowledge of what should be done to render efficient first aid to the injured, I should recommend those who have the opportunity to attend one of the ambulance classes held in most parts of the country under the auspices of the St. John Ambulance Association.

FROST-BITE.

General effects of cold: Body temperature is lowered; person exposed becomes stiff, pale, sleepy, and very cold. The extremities—the fingers, toes, nose, and ears—become numbed, shrunk, and a pale bluish colour. If no help is given, insensibility and death follow. A

person in this condition must on no account be taken near a fire, nor into a warm room.

He should be taken into a cold room, and rubbed well with snow, or washed with cold water, or even placed in a cold bath, and then by slow degrees brought into a warmer atmosphere, rubbed with dry warm flannels, and, lastly, may have a little weak *cold* stimulant.

Generally in this country it is only the local effects of cold we have to deal with. Fingers, toes, ears, or nose become stiff, cold, and numb, and blue looking. Try to restore the circulation gradually by rubbing with snow or bathing in cold water, as above; if warmth or heat be applied, the reaction is so violent that the circulation is arrested and gangrene results. When the circulation is partly restored by above means, wrap the part in flannel.

It was suggested that I should add a section on transport—carrying patients and improvising stretchers. Time and space will not allow of this, and, moreover, the subject requires both woodcuts and practical illustration to make it clear.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF MAN ON THE HIGH ALPS: Studies made on Monte Rosa.—By ANGELO MOSSO. Translated from the Second Edition of the Italian by E. LOUGH KIESOW, in collaboration with F. KIESOW. With numerous illustrations and diagrams. Royal 8vo, cloth, 21s. T. Fisher Unwin.

THROUGH THE HIGH PYRENEES.—By HAROLD SPENDER. With illustrations and supplementary sections by H. LLEWELLYN SMITH. A. D. Innes & Co., Limited.

THROUGH ASIA.—By SVEN HEDIN. Two vols. London: Methuen & Co. 36s. net.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE MEETS AT WASTDALE AND PEN-Y-GWRYD.

THE glorious summer of 1898 has passed away, and the first meets of the Climbers' Club are now but pleasant memories to those who gathered together at the well-known centres of Wastdale and Pen-y-Gwryd. From either place come reports of new ascents, but the old climbs still retain their popularity, and the majority of climbers appear to prefer trying some well-known gully or face to striking out new routes for themselves.

That this should be the case among the Cumbrian hills is scarcely surprising; indeed, there, where every chasm has received a name, and every needle and pillar is, figuratively speaking, dotted with routes, it is difficult for anyone who is not an expert to make a first ascent. Many of our finest rock-climbers have devoted themselves to the district for years, and anything that has successfully resisted their constant attention may be reckoned extremely severe. But it is not so in Wales. The Cambrian hills have not undergone the systematic examination that has been accorded to their English rivals, and even on Snowdon itself there are numerous gullies about which little or nothing is known. A striking instance of this is Clogwyn dur Arddhu, the magnificent precipice along the top of which the pony track from the Snowdon Ranger Railway Station zig-zags up towards Y-Wyddfa. If this precipice were situated within easy walking distance of Wastdale Head, it would probably have a literature of its own; even the chimneys that lead from the upper part of the Eastern Gully to the summit of the great central buttress would have been numbered or named; but as it is, it suffers from an ill-deserved neglect, and is comparatively unknown. In Mr. Haskett Smith's excellent little volume on "Climbing in Wales," Clogwyn dur Arddhu is mentioned only as the scene of an accident that there befell an unlucky tourist who had mistaken his way, and slipped and was killed while attempting to scale in the dark crags that require the greatest care even in daylight. And as it is with Clogwyn dur Arddhu, so it is also on many other Welsh precipices. Not that it by any means follows that the absence of a written description implies an unattempted climb. The frequenters of Pen-y-Gwryd have a strange aversion to putting their experiences into writing. Many of them resolutely decline to make even the shortest

entry in the special book provided at the inn for the purpose; and although persistent inquiries will sometimes result in a verbal description being given, all efforts to obtain a detailed account are usually futile.

The gathering at Wastdale Head, although fairly good, was not quite so large a one as had been expected. Among those present were: Messrs. T. Brushfield, G. D. Barton, C. W. Barton, H. W. Blunt, A. W. Davey, J. H. Davey, A. W. Lambert, J. W. Robinson, and C. H. Thompson. The weather was favourable for climbing, and a lot of good work was done.

On September 10th, Messrs. H. W. Blunt, J. H. Doncaster, and J. W. Robinson made an ascent of the west wall of Deep Ghyll to the north of the Great (Blake's) Chimney. This is a new ascent. The start was made from the Deep Ghyll traverse at a point some 20 yards beyond the top of the right-hand escape from the top pitch in Deep Ghyll. A deeply recessed vertical chimney of about 40 feet is followed by a couple of rock steps (some 15 feet) to a ledge. Some ten yards along this an apparently easy traverse was neglected in favour of a slightly overhanging corner. On surmounting and rounding this the climb continued to the left up rock shelves, and still left past a detached slab (which from Deep Ghyll seems to be a rock post) to the foot of a rather undercut inclined pinnacle. When the top of this was reached, a rock shelf led to a small recess, from which the climb could be finished direct up the *arête*, or by a traverse to the left to and along the edge of Blake's Chimney. Both finishes were taken. The west wall had hitherto been climbed only by the Great Chimney, and by an open route rather nearer the head of Deep Ghyll.

Another good climb was that of Greta Ghyll, by Mr. C. H. Thompson with Messrs. W. H. Fowler and J. Grahame, on September 23rd, after a short spell of wet weather. The lower falls were all easily passed on the right. The real difficulties began near the head of the ghyll, at a cave pitch which was rendered unpleasant by the stream flowing over it, and still more so by a shower bath from a height of some hundred feet on the right-hand wall. This pitch was climbed by working out on the left from the cave. A few yards further led to a couple of pitches which were the feature of the climb. The first of these, some 15 feet high, led to an inclined shelf which affords a resting-place for three or four people, but no shelter from falling stones. It was gained by the cleft on the right. From this cleft the shelf soon became a vertical chimney, and ended in a small cave some 65 feet above, egress from which was obtained on the right-hand wall. The 70 feet from the shelf to the finish had to be climbed throughout by the leader unassisted. The difficulty of these

pitches was much increased by the flow of water, occasional looseness of holds, and also by loose stones of considerable size on the top of the cave. As a piece of rock scenery this ghyll is magnificent, quite of the same type as that of Piers Ghyll, but under the conditions found by this party it scarcely sounds an attractive climb.

Of course, there were many other climbs, but they do not appear to require any special comment. Deep Ghyll, Moss Ghyll, The Pike's Crag Gullies, and Kern Knotts Chimney, all received a full share of attention.

It was Pen-y-Gwryd that the greater number of our members chose for their rendezvous. In the early days of August they began to gather, and for many weeks reinforcements were constantly arriving. Indeed, it was not until September was just drawing to a close that the numbers began to diminish. Those who were present included Messrs. C. A. O. Baumgartner, G. B. Bryant, J. N. Burrows, W. E. Corlett, J. R. Dakyns, E. C. Daniel, J. B. Farmer, T. S. Halliday, F. Marples, C. M. Mathews, J. Moore, J. Morland, W. Piffe-Brown, W. H. Price, C. Sayle, F. C. Squance, M. K. Smith, J. M. A. Thomson, R. Williams, and T. Williams.

Merely to state that the weather was good would give an inadequate impression of the way the first meet of the club was favoured by the elements, those pitiless enemies that usually contest with the climber each inch of the Welsh mountains. Some were there who have spent a long series of summers at the foot of Snowdon; one, indeed, who can even reckon back to those far-off days when the inn lacked the historic interest that now forms one of the bonds of union between those who frequent it; but not one could unhesitatingly make a comparison unfavourable to 1898, as, except for two short spells of heavy rain, the whole period of the meet was an unbroken succession of sunny days.

With such weather it followed that there was a considerable amount of work done. The Tryfan gullies afforded some interesting days' climbing, as they could at last be done "clean" in another sense than the one usually applied to the word by those who ascend them, while Clogwyn-y-Person, the gullies up Esgairfelen, and the north faces of Lliwedd and of Crib Goch—climbs that very few years ago were rarely attempted, but that now have become almost hackneyed—each attracted several parties.

The gullies that run from the summit ridge of Snowdon into Pant-y-llwchfa were carefully and thoroughly explored by Messrs. M. K. Smith, J. M. A. Thomson, R. Williams, and T. Williams. Seven in all were climbed, and it seems extremely probable that at least two of these had never before been ascended. As each contains

several pitches (some very severe), space will not permit of their being detailed now, but the whole seven may very likely be made the subject of a separate article in a later number.

On September 28th a party of two examined the gullies at the extreme base of the northern *arête* of Crib-Goch. A few hundred feet above Pont-y-Cromlech, almost immediately opposite the Tower on the side of Glyder Fawr, this *arête* ends in a nose that in general appearance is not unlike the base of Clogwyn-y-Person, although upon close acquaintance the rock proves to be of a very different character. The resemblance is further increased by there being on each side of the nose a well-marked gully, and by these gullies uniting at the top. From the loose rocks and *débris*, and from the entire absence of nail marks even at the lower pitches, it was inferred that neither of these gullies had been climbed. The conditions under which they were examined were decidedly unfavourable, one of the few wet days of the season having been chosen for the purpose, and consequently neither was ascended. They become somewhat steep towards the top, but on a fine day would probably offer good climbing without being extremely difficult.

COMMITTEE NOTICES.

At a Committee meeting held on the 14th October, it was decided that the Club should subscribe the sum of two guineas to the fund now being raised on behalf of the family of the guide Xaver Imseng.

Letters were read from several members calling the attention of the Committee to the proposed light railway from Portmadoc to Beddgelert. The Committee have ascertained that the proposal has been rejected for the present on account of the opposition of the Creosor Railway Company. This company in 1879 obtained an Act of Parliament that authorised the extension of their line in the direction of Beddgelert, and the scheme for the proposed new railway included the purchase of the Croesor Company's rights; but the Light Railway Commissioners decided that no powers have been submitted to them to authorise the sale and transfer of a railway which has obtained Parliamentary powers under an Act of Parliament, and therefore refused the application. There is, consequently, no immediate likelihood of such a railway being constructed.

The following new members were elected:—

John Morton Clayton, Esq., Whittington Hall, near Chesterfield;

Dr. Malcolm L. Hepburn, Marine Parade, Lowestoft;

F. Payne, Esq., Woodcote, Epsom;

Thomas Edwin Pumphrey, Esq., Clifton Villas, Sunderland;

W. T. B. Wood, Esq., British Museum, London.

The Committee think that the attention of members intending to propose candidates for election should be drawn to Rule 12, under which names of candidates, together with names of proposer and seconder, *and qualifications*, must be in the hands of the Hon. Secretary not less than 14 days before the day of election. The next Committee meeting will take place early in December. The required proposal forms can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary.



THE OWL'S GULLY.

*From a photo. by BIRD & Co.,
STAMFORD.*

PRACTICE SCRAMBLES IN DERBYSHIRE.

By ERNEST A. BAKER, M.A., Lond.

SOME apology would be needed for a paper on climbing that dealt with a series of scrambles, few of which exceed a hundred feet in height, were it not that they are in the neighbourhood of some of the most attractive scenery in England, and right at the gates of several of our biggest towns. For most of us it is still a day's march to the foot of the crags of Cambria and of Cumbria—long may it remain so—and many a scrambler would doubtless be glad to hear of a playground where the casual holiday could be passed in the enjoyment of his favourite sport. Not long ago a handful of climbers woke up to the fact that Northern Derbyshire possesses a miniature mountain-system, amid which many capital little scrambles are to be found, all within reach of even a half-day's excursion from Manchester, Sheffield, Derby, and Nottingham. There are, it is true, no laurels to be won among the "edges" and monoliths of Peakland, and there is no scope for sensational exploits or hairbreadth escapes; the man who happens to tumble off a big boulder may hurt himself, but he will not have the luxury of falling through a thousand feet or so of magnificent scenery. But for such climbers as can appreciate Mr. Jones's advice about five-foot mantel-pieces, whose highest ambition is to graduate on some fancy climb in Snowdonia or the Lake mountains, these lowland heights afford various interesting and instructive lessons. We have read that the valiant Tartarin was wont to prepare for great deeds on Mont Blanc by balancing along the rim of his garden aquarium; and a worthy friend of mine keeps his muscular mechanism in order by ascending the outside of an iron staircase on his fingers and, after a short stomach-traverse, crossing in a sitting posture the tie-bars of the lofty roof beneath which he is doomed to spend the intervals between his holidays. But after all there is nothing like rock; and a few odd crags within handy distance of a town are worth all the banister-traverses, cast-iron *arêtes*, and difficult chimney-pieces in the shire.

Most of the rock exposed in Derbyshire is either millstone-grit or limestone, and the merits of gritstone are equally well known to millers and to climbers. It is solid and firm as granite, and inferior only to gabbro as an instrument of torture if you happen to get your hand between the rope and the rock. The characteristic feature of

the grit is the escarpment called the "Edge," which fortifies many of the hill-tops. These edges abound in scrambles of varying lengths; but not less useful are the isolated boulders which lie about the moors, like the Eagle Stone on Baslow Edge, or the Cork and Andle Stones on Stanton Moor.

As a good example of the sort of climbing these afford, take the Alport Stone, which stands out a solitary column on the brow of a hill overlooking Wirksworth, a township not unknown to admirers of George Eliot. This obelisk appears to have got its present shape partly by artificial means; yet it looks extremely life-like, and geologists will find a good sample of false bedding at the base of it. I had heard a most harrowing account of the sensational capabilities of the Alport Stone, before making its acquaintance; and the contemptuous regard with which it receives persons who come without an introduction has been known to scare away even an experienced member of the Alpine Club. But this reserve vanishes as soon as you know the proper way to approach the stony old patriarch. On one side a sloping ledge leads to a perpendicular corner in which a series of notches have been weathered, forming an easy ladder up to a deep cleft which goes right through the stone. This cleft affords handhold, as the knees rest on a slender ledge, until one hand can be reached up to an indentation on the top; and in a minute or two the only difficult step is passed, and the climb finished. This is the easy ascent, or "Turnpike;" but the holds are so hard to find with the feet, and it is such a ticklish manœuvre getting round the corner on to the bottom ledge, that it is wise to put the rope on for the descent. It is, however, usually better to fix the rope round a corner at the top, and come down the other side, holding it in one hand. If a gale is blowing, it is next to impossible to humour the rope over the exposed angle, and the last man often finds himself in an awkward position. Since the climb up the "Boss" and shoulder at the angle farthest from the Turnpike, was found practicable, the old *arête* climb has gone out of vogue, except as a way for invalids and ladies. The new one is decidedly stiff. There is first of all a tussle to get atop of the boss, which is overhanging, and is moreover much too small to accommodate a pair of climbing boots conveniently. From it, or from a half-inch ledge just above, a finger or two can be inserted into a distant fissure on the right, while the left foot goes on a journey of exploration round the corner and finds a shallow depression that helps to steady the body while, by a vigorous effort, a narrow ledge with a bad slope outwards is reached. For a few painful seconds, the whole of one's weight depends on an almost invisible hold for the finger-tips and on friction; then, by an



THE ALPORT STONE.

From a photo. by J. Croft.



THE HEMLOCK STONE.

From a photo. by J. Croft.

indescribable evolution, the ledge is surmounted, and the top is within easy reach. After a little exercise of this kind, one is astonished to feel aches in sundry muscles, about whose very existence in the human frame one is usually apt to be sceptical.

A walk of three or four miles over an upland road, with a prospect all the way across the southernmost downs and moors of the Peak, leads to the Black Rocks overlooking Matlock, which can also be reached in twenty minutes from Cromford Station on the Midland line to Manchester. This picturesque group of broken cliffs and rocky needles epitomizes all the varieties of gritstone climbs in small compass. There is a rectangular cleft, forty feet high and thirty feet deep, which can give some first-rate back-and-knee work; but every climber who is not preternaturally thin is strongly advised to take off his coat, if he ventures further in than the edge of the chimney. A still more extraordinary chimney, at the further end of the cliff, takes the climber on a darksome journey into the entrails of the rock, and he wriggles up into a small cave known as the "Queen's Chamber," out of which he emerges through a window near the top of the crags. But the best scrambling is to be had on the two steepest gullies. One of them, which contains three pitches and is very steep indeed, bears the name of the Sand Gully. The first man who climbed it thought he had performed a philanthropic work by sweeping down many hundredweights of coarse sand, and nearly blinding his companion; but Nature's resources are inexhaustible, and every winter she refills the crevices and handholds, and smothers the first party who come up. Of the three pitches, the middle one is of first-class severity. A vertical wall, ten feet high, fills the gully just here, quite smooth, save for one slight depression hardly worth calling a ledge, which forms a resting place for a knee half-way up. Last time I was there, W. S., who is six feet high, and consequently has a better reach than average mankind, was able to get athwart the gully with one foot on the left wall and his hands stretched up to a crevice near the top of the pitch, and so got over it; but with a short reach the difficulties of the pitch are almost too severe for a leader unroped. Above it the gully is straitened by the intrusion of a vertical block, and the best way to go up the passage to the right, is to place one's back to this block and walk up the wall opposite. Coming down, W. S. fell in getting over the grand pitch; but I had him secured by a turn round a projecting splinter, and he was pulled up after a drop of a foot or two, spinning round gracefully against the wall through a twist in the rope. In following him, I only had the benefit of a questionable hold several feet below me,

but I was careful to avoid testing it too rigorously. Pine-tree Gully is not quite so good; but after the jammed stone is passed, which can be done by either the outside or the inside, and after passing the huge pine-root itself,* the upper section of the gully is a fine place for backing up with the feet pushing against either wall. There are one or two unsafe climbs besides which have been done without the rope, but are only justifiable with it.

From the Black Rocks, a romantic walk by way of the Via Gellia and Winster can be taken to Robin Hood's Stride. This would mean six or seven miles; but the Stride can be reached by a pretty ramble, four miles long, from Darley Dale Station over Stanton Edge, which commands the valleys of the Derwent and Wye, and a glimpse of the wooded brink of Lathkill Dale. Haddon Hall, seen from the Andle Stone, has the air of a baronial mansion still in its prime, and transports the spectator back at once to the days when it held sway over the broad tracts of hill and vale outstretched around. The Andle Stone has been desecrated with iron rods for ascending it, but there is a tough climb up the right side. At Birchover the Stride comes into view with striking effect, high on the crest of a hill. The rocky knoll forming the summit of the hill is shaped like a high-pitched roof, with the two rocky towers, called the Stride, perched on its gable-ends. Between us and this quaint pile, a little to the right, the fantastic escarpment of Cratcliff Tor rises out of a thick wood. It was on a day in October that our party found a couple of new climbs here; and none of us will forget the exquisite bit of natural composition made by the two grey tors and the russet foliage of the beeches mingled with the russet of the bracken, which found a vivid contrast in the fresh green of several Spanish chestnuts that have attained a splendid growth at the base of the cliffs.

A broad gap sunders the two main cliffs of Cratcliff Tor. It is filled with a chaotic jumble of fallen blocks that look as if the hill had been shaken by earthquake; and in and out among these masses of gritstone a labyrinth of chimneys and gullies winds about, including one, at least, which is a good place for back-and-knee work. To the right of the central gap there is a vertical gash in the rocky face resembling, so clean and seamless are the sides of it, the place where a cheese has been cut; it is about 80 feet high, and probably the finest scramble hereabouts. A twelve-foot wall barricades the entrance to the gully; and when this has been climbed by means of a little shelf half-way up, a nasty plot of loose soil, held together with

* The pine-root has lately been dislodged.

blackberry brambles, has to be crossed, requiring great care. You then enter the extreme angle of the cleft, and the rest of the ascent is straightforward chimney-work, with no holds beyond slight depressions that can be utilised by lateral pressure, till the jammed block is reached. On making my first ascent, I had wriggled up the vertical section till I found myself under this block, which completely cut off the view of the next few steps. The higher part of the gully overhangs four or five feet; and what with the apprehension of difficulties hid by the stone, and a keen sense that a return would be worse than the ascent had been, I began to repent not having made a previous survey on the rope. Nobody was to be seen or heard, the rest of the party being busy in the central gully; but after I had hung in an awkward position for some time, succour came, and the rope was dropped from the head of the gully. It was well that the friendly hemp was available, for just as my head came over the jammed block, there was a fierce flapping of wings, and out rushed a large owl into my face, nearly startling me off my perch with his sudden fluttering. To get up the gully it was necessary to go right through the nest, for the cavernous hole formed by the jammed stone had clearly been his residence from of old, and was a silent witness that the gully had not been invaded for the last few years at least. The last part of the gully turned out to be easy, although delightfully sensational. A number of good climbs are to be found all round this fine crag, some of which have doubtless not been pegged out yet. On the Stride, which is only a stone's throw away, there are also a lot of nondescript scrambles; but the interest centres on the two rock-turrets. Of these the eastern, or Weasel Pinnacle, is much the easier. The upper face is deeply grooved with flutings like a Doric column, and the way to ascend it is to push the arms into these grooves and wriggle up by main force. There is not enough of it to make the struggle interesting; but the capture of the other turret is a different affair altogether. It has three faces of considerable height; but on the fourth, the boulders that top the roof-shaped knoll are only ten feet below the summit of the pinnacle; yet the upper edge overhangs so much, and there is such a drop on each side, that it was long called the "Inaccessible," and certainly it would be hard to find a climb at once so short and so severe. The first step is to get a knee on a sloping buttress on the left side, the second to wedge the fingers into a vertical crack, and so lever oneself to a posture nearly erect underneath the overhanging part. Then a questionable grip is felt for over the edge, while the left boot gets a nail-hold on a tiny notch; and now you heave yourself slowly and painfully over the top edge. Whether this feat is performed with facility and grace, depends

a great deal on whether you are on good terms with the inner man. If the climber be puffed and flabby, the tussle will needs be prolonged and unseemly before he is safely over the parapet. Some "Alpinistes" who have opened a record office at the summit in the shape of a tin box for cards, appear to have contented themselves with the Pisgah climb just described; but the longer one up the cliff which confronts the dale, is both more showy and more interesting. We will call it the Ennerdale face, just to make its position clear; and, curiously enough, between the two points there exists a "Chimney," with a "Pendlebury Traverse," an "Arête," and a "Notch Climb," above it. Please do not smile because the whole crag would make only a modest church steeple; you will find that the same scale applies to the ledges and the finger-holds, which is an important compensation. Clambering over the big boulders at the foot, you arrive at the entrance of a small cave, roofed by a large boulder that leans against the cliff. So utterly impossible does the boulder look that neither we nor anybody else seem to have thought of attempting an ascent just here, until we were nettled by the chaff of a critic who had always met our reports of new climbs with the retort, "Oh, but you haven't done the 'Inaccessible' yet right from the bottom!" and so we determined to make a resolute attempt, and after one or two tries I found myself, much to my surprise, on top of the obstacle. One corner of the boulder is much attenuated, and it is just possible to get on this by a kind of leap and grip it between the knees, thrusting the left arm simultaneously into the crevice between cliff and boulder. By slow degrees progress is made with a mysterious wriggle, until, just as one's wind is exhausted, a hand can be got over into a saucer on the top, and the principal defence is stormed. After the rope has been tied on, a smooth wall is escaladed, and we find ourselves on a 12-inch ledge that speedily dwindles to a mere crack—this is the Traverse. It can be avoided by climbing straight up or taking a slanting direction; but most fun is had by following the traverse, which is mainly an affair of nice balance, for only the toes can be inserted into the horizontal fissure, and there are no holds worth the name on the face until a slanting crevice at the far corner is arrived at. Once get a leg into that, and a little more muscular energy takes you to the top. The upper part of the turret is sculptured by storm and frost into all fantastic shapes; but the filigree work on the cornice should not be trusted too freely for holds: a projection that looked quite solid has before now come off in my hand like a piece of cake. There is a handsome belaying-pin amongst the other natural furniture on the top, and much confidence can be instilled into a nervous person coming up by pretending to give the rope a twist round it.



THE BOULDER, ROBIN HOOD'S STRIDE.

*From a photo. by BIRD & Co.,
STAMFORD.*

Mr. Haskett Smith remarks, with reference to the average character of Derbyshire rock, "When it does offer a climb, it ends it off abruptly, just as we think the enjoyment is about to begin." This criticism lies against the half-dozen scrambles that can be found by anyone who takes that exceedingly fine walk along the edges from Higgar Tor to Baslow. They are too insignificant to be more than an addition to the pleasures of this delightful ramble, which combines the richest scenery of pastoral Derbyshire with stirring views of crag and wilderness. A fellow-scrambler went with me in February to see if any chimneys wanted sweeping in this neighbourhood, and we took the rope in case of emergency. There is a disused quarry on the edge immediately above Grindleford, where we found a gritstone pinnacle, about 40 feet high, which had been left by the quarrymen. It had smooth vertical sides and a crown of shattered blocks that actually overhung; but finding one angle thin enough to be gripped by arms and legs, we resolved to try this, although the rib of rock on which our weight would depend was separated from the parent stone by fissures that went clean through. Before trusting it, however, we tested its stability as well as we could, and also got the rope round a loose flake weighing several hundredweight and jerked it off so as to clear a way to the rib. But a judgment fell on us for this barefaced attempt to alter the geography of the county; for in falling the huge fragment caught the rope and completely severed it. Luckily the rope was not required to get up or down the crazy pinnacle; the doubtful rib held, we swarmed up and over it, with much trepidation, and were on the top in three minutes. On Froggatt Edge, just above the "Chequers" Inn, there is a remarkably good crack, only giving a climb of 40 or 50 feet though, and half a mile further south a fair chimney exists, the entrance to which is very hard to reach from the ground. In a recess further on, a vertical crack is just on the margin between mere difficulty and impossibility; and the Eagle Stone is worth climbing for the sake of one difficult step, although when that is done the whole thing is done.

If any member of the Club had time and opportunity to explore the scarp'd recesses of Kinderscout, he would be certain to enjoy some wonderfully fine scenery, and would probably discover many scrambles. It is a regular mountain walk to cross Kinder—the Downfall and its surroundings are one of the finest sights in Britain; but the whole of this wild region is private property, and during the greater part of the twelvemonth permission to wander at large is not readily granted. One would find it hard to say when this waterfall and the stony corrie into which it plunges look their best—in bright weather, when the slender stream is lit up with twinkling rainbows; in winter, when it

is a cataract of ice; or in a gale, when the whole stream is often blown aloft like a column of smoke as it leaps over the exposed brink. Time has always been too short in the few journeys that I have taken through this out-of-the-way place to enjoy more than an easy clamber up the precipice close to the waterfall. The last time I was there such a dense fog hung over the cliffs that no survey of their climbing capabilities could be attempted. Yet the escarpments are far too extensive for there to be any lack of scrambles hereabouts, considering that the rock is gritstone; and members are strongly advised to pay a winter visit to the spot, when it is easy to get permission, and if snow is about there is sure to be a glissade. During the disastrous frost early in 1894, some of us cut steps up the Grindsbrook Clough in Edale, and enjoyed a sitting glissade of some 800 feet on the slopes of Crowden Clough. There is another wild walk up the Alport Clough and over Bleaklow Head into Yorkshire. This clough is such a deep narrow trench that for some distance the only path is up the rocky bed of the watercourse; and several waterfalls have to be passed at the risk of a drenching. Do not forget your compass if you are going to cross these pathless moors. Unfortunately, there is no right of way nearer than the well-known track from Derwentdale to Penistone, and permission must be obtained before the rambler can enter this romantic wilderness with impunity.

Often more striking in outline than the gritstone escarpments, the limestone is yet much inferior as a material for the climber. A friend of mine has reported some good scrambles in Dovedale, which is, of course, the most likely place; and there exists a noble gully, which figures in all the pictures of the High Tor at Matlock, and viewed at close quarters seems capable of giving first-class sport; but every attempt to get into it from the bottom has hitherto failed owing to the smoothness of the rock.

If the editor will kindly allow space, there are a few climbs outside Derbyshire which are yet so near to the area just dealt with as to be worth describing in a sort of appendix.

A score of miles from the frontiers of Peakland, just on the edge of Leicestershire, the isolated hill of Breedon is a prominent object, capped with its lonely church, the choir of a vanished abbey. The southern front of the hill has fine escarpments of dolomitic limestone, half natural, half the result of quarrying. One deep quarry, a picturesque hollow walled in by cliffs in many places sheer or overhanging, has been left for so many decades to the weather and the kindly influences of vegetation as to deserve its fanciful title of the "Corrie." On one side, a high sharp ridge known as the "Crib" runs out from the hill to an outlying peak which bears the sounding

title of "Sgurr-nan-Breedon." To sit astride the Crib and go from the end right along it and up to the Bulwark atop of the hill, used to be the prettiest scramble here; but, unhappily, a new proprietor has set the quarrymen at work to bring down this unique landmark, and some day the Crib will be burned in the kilns. From the foot of Sgurr-nan-Breedon, by zigzagging up the cliff we reach a sharp *arête*, coming down from the summit and terminating in mid-air, which is called the "Nose." An interesting moment occurs as the climber stands with one foot balancing on a projecting splinter, and sidles round the corner with a long drop beneath. Thence the *arête* can be followed to the top of the Sgurr, now that an unsafe rock has fallen, which formerly made it necessary to traverse on to another dorsal *arête*. This is a climb that is made infinitely harder if done the reverse way. To get round the bad corner at the Nose is a very ticklish operation if you are going feet foremost, owing to the fewness and minuteness of the holds. Just here a friend was nearly carried away by a huge stone which gave way and bounded down the crags. In fact, the looseness of the rock is the worst feature of the Breedon climbs. A little to the right there is a capital little scramble, all too short; and in the Corrie a fine passage up the cliff face, which is here 150 feet high, that is still more interesting in coming down; somebody has called it, half facetiously, the "Descent Perilous." Two good *arête* climbs complete the tale, although the fall of a threatening rock has recently made it feasible to attack another fine cliff over which it used to impend terrifically. Anyone familiar with mountain scenery cannot fail to be charmed with the mimic precipices, peaks, and chasms of Breedon; but the place has a beauty quite its own if seen when the crags are all ablaze with wall-flowers and gorgeous tufts of snapdragon, creamy and purple, and many a flower known only to the botanist, growing where there is no hand to pluck.

The environs of Nottingham seem an unlikely place for climbing, but four miles from the market-place there stands on the side of a hill a singular block of sandstone that affords very good practice. The top of this rock had been saturated with calcareous deposits, and when the surrounding sandstone was denuded away, it was left towering on a pedestal much smaller than the hardened cap. Hence the extravagant shape of the Hemlock Stone, which, it is only too obvious, cannot stand in its present top-heavy condition much longer, but must inevitably go rolling down the hill some frosty morning. As every stage in the ascent is by overhanging ledges, much neat gymnastic work is to be had here. The first move is to reach a horizontal shelf crossing the longest face; but as the rock underneath

it has been weathered away, this looks quite inaccessible. We arrived there one rainy morning, and took shelter under the stone umbrella, while we discussed the problem before us. So greasy and absurdly impossible did the thing look that our courage was as damp as our clothes. Perhaps a lowland aiguille, only 30 feet high, seems hardly worth much fuss; but, after all, the ordinary way up Seawfell Pinnacle is not longer and is incomparably easier. After various assaults, a tiny crevice was descried, which could be reached by an effort and a few fingers thrust in. Next, swinging off clear, one hand was flung up to a knob, and the first man pulled himself on to the shelf. My hand still bears scars that remind me of a friend, weighing 13 or 14 stone, who fell on the rope just here and squeezed my skin against the calcareous rock. The shelf half encircles the stone, broadening out under the still ampler top, so that we are comfortably dry while our friends are downstairs in the rain. But how is that projecting roof overhead to be escaladed? Creeping round till the shelf dwindles to nothing, we observe a gap in the eaves, where the top protrudes only for a foot or two. One of us cautiously fits the rope over a slight projection, and holds it there for safety, so that in case of a slip the falling man will only swing a dozen feet or so against the uncushioned crag; and now the leader leans outwards and feels for handhold. For a moment his feet continue to graze the rock; but in a second he lays hold higher up, his body swings out, and now he must pull up with might and main over the rugosities of the roof. A starling had its nest in a crevice at the "Notch," as this gap in the defences is called, showing that there is not much traffic this way. One harder way to the top exists, but only one person ever appears to have done it unroped; even with this safeguard, it is an exhausting climb. But an easy finish has been found, whereby the summit can be reached simply by crawling or scrambling along the horizontal shelf aforesaid to the further end of the stone, and thence clambering up the corner. However, the summit is not likely to become a popular resort, although many an urchin has got as high as the broad shelf roofed over by the top, a place large enough for a picnic-party of moderate number; but the last time our party were practising there, a tin box was found, fixed recently in a crack on the summit, which contained the cards of some ambitious scramblers, who were evidently in the belief that they had captured a virgin peak. Whether the tin box enfolds the name of a daring person who reached the top, but was so prostrated by the consciousness of his dizzy altitude that he had to be carried down with ladders and ropes, is another mystery of the Hemlock Stone. A feat of particular daring was performed by

J. C., who climbed right round the stone, a few feet below the summit, unroped too.

Although the Derbyshire scrambles are nothing more than practice scrambles, it is not to be forgotten that, like all other climbs, they are to be found amidst delightful landscapes and at the end of inspiring walks. For their purpose they are of first-class quality, and a man might serve an apprenticeship here in his off-time which would qualify him to undertake some of the best rock-work in the neighbourhood of Sligachan and Wastdale Head.

NOTES.

THE unusually heavy list of fatalities in the Alps during the past summer has saddened the whole climbing world. No season passes without several accidents. Frequently it happens that those who suffer are the inexperienced or the rash. This year, however, among the victims are included some who could rightly be considered masters of the art of mountaineering. Our deepest sympathy is naturally with those upon whom this heavy loss has more specially fallen.

A fund is being raised on behalf of the family of the guide Xaver Imseng, who in September last was killed on the Grand Charmoz with Mr. Aston Binns. Any member wishing to contribute to this fund should send cheque or postal order to H. Stuart King, Esq., 65, Cornhill, E.C. All contributions will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Alpine Journal*.

* * * *

IN our last issue we spoke of Mr. G. D. Abrahams' ascent of the Matterhorn on the 15th July as the first ascent of a first-class peak this season. Several members have written to correct this. Among other peaks, the Schreckhorn, Wetterhorn, Ortler Spitz, and Meije had all been climbed before that date—the Schreckhorn by the difficult route from the Lauteraar Glacier as early as 13th June.

* * * *

THE *Daily Chronicle* has received a cable, dated from La Paz, 20th October, stating that Sir Martin Conway, after making a series of attempts upon Mount Sorata (Illampu), has had to abandon the climb. The party suffered severely from cold, and both guides were frost-bitten. The temperature is given as being as low as 2 degrees Fahrenheit. The highest point reached was well over 23,000 feet, and was probably about 24,000 feet. Illampu is a volcanic peak in the Eastern Cordillera of the Andes of Bolivia. If Sir Martin Conway is correct in his calculations, he has reached a greater altitude than ever previously attained by climbers. The height of Aconcagua, first ascended by Matthias Zurbriggen in January last year, is 23,080 feet.

* * * *

ALL frequenters of the Snowdon district of North Wales will be pleased to hear that the new scheme for running a light railway from Portmadoc to Beddgelert has been successfully resisted, and that for

the present the Pass of Aberglasyn, one of the finest approaches to Snowdonia, is saved from disfigurement at the hands of the contractor. This light railway, had it been constructed, would probably have had the effect of unduly popularising the Beddgelert and Cwm-y-Llan ascents. The steam tramway from Llanberis to the summit of Y-Wyddfa, unsightly though it is, has served one good purpose. It has concentrated the ordinary tourist and excursionist upon the least interesting side, and left the climber in undisturbed possession of the wilder portions of the mountain. Were it not for this fact, the ever-increasing hordes that overrun Snowdon during the summer months would compel the climber to desert it and seek less frequented cliffs. Only those who have attempted the ascent of one of the Clogwyn-y-Garnedd gullies on a fine August or September afternoon can quite appreciate what a source of danger the British tourist is. As Mr. Pilkington says in "Mountaineering" (Badminton series), "No amount of climbing skill or precaution will save you from a well-aimed gingerbeer bottle."

* * * *

FOR the benefit of climbers wishing to try the Peak District "Practice Scrambles," Mr. Baker points out that Matlock is a convenient starting point for the Black Rocks and the Alport Stone, and also for the "Robin Hood Stride" and Cratcliff Tor; but the last two are a little nearer to Rowsley, where there are two hotels. At Edale there is a small but comfortable hotel, and this is a very good place from which to reach Kinderscout. At Christmas time, if the weather be favourable, Mr. Baker will probably be found in the district; and we feel certain that, should any member require further directions, he will be pleased to supply them.

CLIMBERS' CLUB.



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BWLCH MOCH AND CRIB GOCH.

From a photo. by H. G. GOTCH.

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SOME SNOWDONIAN CLIMBS.

By HENRY GALE GOTCH, A.C.

It was about 9 o'clock in the evening of Thursday, the 30th March, 1893, that J. H. Wallis and I reached Bettws-y-Coed Railway Station, after a delightful run through the Midlands on a sunny, and even genial, afternoon.

The porter who took our traps at once divined we were bound for Pen-y-Gwryd, and began to sing the praises of a pair of ponies that were awaiting us. We should hardly know, said he, but what we were still in the train. The recommendation did not strike us as peculiarly happy, but we soon found they were indeed fleet of foot as the coursers of the sun; though it was the moon, brilliant and nearly full, that watched over our headlong, and perhaps perilous, nine-miles drive. Several other carriages were on the road, some making for the same destination.

The early spring had been so continuously fine that it was looked on as ominous when the morning of Friday opened with driving clouds low down, and a wind from the south-west, but everybody was astir betimes; there was some nailing to be done to boots, and not till 11 o'clock were we clear off. We made for Crib Goch, and more particularly for a certain notch in the north ridge, which had often been canvassed in the smoke-room of Pen-y-Gwryd, some old *habitués* maintaining that it is no notch at all, but merely a horizontal dislocation or sinuosity, which, from some points of view, looks like a notch. There is, however, always some trace visible of a gully scoring the face which looks towards the Pass (east face of north ridge), and before long we could see that a considerable patch of snow still lay heaped up at the immediate foot of this gully, and a yet larger patch in the same

line of fire lower down. We followed the Pig track* for some distance, and then struck straight across for the lower snow, and a few minutes after passing it took our seats for lunch upon the upper patch, which spread out fan-like from the foot of the gully. The gully itself was obvious enough and well defined, being ruddier than the neighbouring rocks; it is, however, broad and shallow and continuous from top to bottom at a slope which is nearly uniform, presenting in all these features a perfect contrast to a typical gully of the hills of Great Britain, which would be narrow, deeply cut and varied by pitches.

The ascent is easy enough except for this, that the rocks are rotten and extremely smooth. So smooth are they that the particles detached at every step all clatter down the gully to its foot leaving it clear and clean, and it is impossible for the climber to miss the idea that in the event of a slip he would himself descend the gully "clean." When we reached the notch in the ridge which had been our aim, we found a furious wind blowing, and some care was needed in gaining the gable-end and passing along to the pinnacles. Immediately before arriving at the Crazy Pinnacle we turned to the North and jumped down into the head of a gully. The jammed stone which is the chief feature of this, as of most other Snowdonian gullies, was soon found and proved to be an excellent example of its class. It is about twenty feet long, and at its thickest may be six or eight feet through. Such blocks have at one time or other been the summits of pinnacles—we may suppose this to have been formerly the summit of the Crazy Pinnacle itself—frost and sunshine at length dislodge them, and they bound or slither down the neighbouring gullies; and though thousands of them may reach the foot of the crags in discrete morsels, there comes a time when one, sliding point foremost, is caught and held for evermore in the jaws of some rock-bound cleft. It is henceforward a "jammed stone." Successive falls bank it up behind, and the floor of the gully above it

* The Pig track begins at Gorphwysfa and keeps to the north of the hummocks which are the termination of the east ridge of Crib Goch; it afterwards crosses this ridge close under the Crib through a gap whose name is Bwlch Moch ("the pass of the wild boar"), whence comes the familiar title *Pig track*. The sudden revelation of Cwm Dyli, of Llydaw, of the dark cliffs of Lliwedd and the shining hills beyond, forms a most charming surprise, and must have delighted countless descendants of the Wild Boar, who, like many a modern traveller, gave his pass his name. The race has now vanished along with more romantic denizens of unfrequented lands. Here, as elsewhere,

"The lonely mountains o'er,

And the resounding shore. . . .

The parting Genius is with sighing sent.

becomes smooth again, and, of course, less steep than it was; the gully may formerly have slanted uniformly from top to bottom, now it consists of a moderate slope and a sheer drop. If the jammed stone be a large one there will be a cave beneath it, and the fall from its projecting point to the ground, perpendicularly below, may be thirty or forty feet. Such an obstacle, known as a "pitch," will be a serious bar to the passage of the gully, it must either be avoided altogether or climbed in one of the clefts which lie between its edges and the living rock. If encountered in the Alps it would almost certainly be avoided, but in British hill-climbing the true mountaineering craft of avoiding difficulties is only partially called into play; to cultivate it would spoil the game, and if in climbing a gully a detour is made out on to the face and back again, though the pitch is conquered the gully has "not been climbed clean." In the instance under consideration the line of descent is on the right or Eastern side till you are low enough to pass across the gully horizontally immediately under the jammed stone: a most convenient knob offers itself for this purpose, though the head-room is scanty. Our chief difficulty sprang from the dust we raised being blown into our eyes, a difficulty I had never heard of before in Wales. After following down to the scree we turned about and climbed upwards, taking now that branch of the gully which was on our present right (the West); it has one passage in it more difficult than anything we had yet met. Being dissatisfied that we had not tried the upward climb by the jammed stone route we next went down by the cleft as at first, and then returned the same way, so that this particular passage was made three times.

Guarding the head of this gully on its Western side stands the Crazy Pinnacle: its chief distinction is its name,* given by some poetic or foreboding soul who saw dangers where none exist. It is a detached mass standing away from the main body of the mountain, and connected therewith by a short but very sharp transverse ridge.

There is not the slightest difficulty in ascending it, but apparently the descent to that sharp ridge is alarming to persons of active imagination, for I have known more than one pounded on the top and utterly unable to come down without assistance.

The accompanying view shows the points mentioned, it is

* I am curious to know exactly in what sense the word "crazy" was applied. Weak of body or intellect is the only meaning given in the dictionaries, derived from which is that implying rickettiness and insecurity. But this rock is not shaky, nor (to me) does it appear so. I suspect some secondary meaning not in general use. The name was unknown in 1873, by 1890 it was well established.

taken across the head of the gully recently described, looking towards Dysgyl and Snowdon. The lady descending was a first-rate climber.

After crossing the other pinnacles we struck down by the Green Saddle into Cwm Glas, the Parsley Fern Gully showing conspicuously on our left as a wide streak of snow. From below we examined the cleft in which we had been climbing, and were



THE CRAZY PINNACLE, LOOKING WEST.

From a photo. by H. G. GOTCH.

astonished to see how exceedingly steep and difficult it appeared; had we approached it from this point we should certainly have expected a very formidable climb. This false appearance of extreme difficulty will be referred to once and again later on. Though we now made the best of our way to Pen-y-gwryd by the corner of

Cwm Glas and the cairned route to Gorphwysfa, we were late for dinner and earned a reprimand from Mrs. Owen.

The next day, Saturday, again opened dismal and cloudy, and a good deal of rain was said to have fallen during the night. We started off for the north gully on Tryfan, which my present companion and I had descended together in 1890, and which Mr. E. R. Turner and I had mounted in 1891. The expedition of 1891 was taken in unfavourable circumstances; the recent rain had been very heavy and for a week nearly continuous, with the result that all rocks in the gully were wet and slippery, whilst the critical places quite in the cleft of it were slimy with green moss. Our modest account in the P-y-G lock-up book, inserted "by request of friends" had led to a later expedition by Mr. Corlett and others, and to an account in the book which read rather like a challenge. Our route, therefore, took us well down into Cwm Tryfan, in order that we might run no risk of missing the first pitch. However wet the gully was in 1891, it was so dry now that we found quite a difficulty in catching a little water to take with our lunch. As soon as we had roped I led up the cleft of the first pitch, and was astonished to find myself in a cave. Wallis was soon with me, and we began to clamber through the narrow aperture above us (a route that immensely reduces the difficulty which we in 1891 had supposed must be encountered). Resting here a moment with our heads just above ground like rabbits in a burrow, we heard voices, and presently saw dimly through the driving mist above us "the Williamses," as Mrs. Owen called the party of five which Mr. Roderick Williams was in charge of, and which consisted of Mr. Williams himself, Mr. Kidson, Mr. Collins, and two other friends. From afar we had seen them on the Little Glyder, and on the shattered ridge that leads down to Bwlch Tryfan.

"What gully is this?" came down to us from an unseen catechist.

"The North."

"Not it."

"Certainly it is," said we.

"Then you ought to be in a cave," was the rejoinder.

"So we are."

It would have been wiser to let them wander on unconvinced, for we now saw, with chagrin, a party of five carrying but 40 feet of rope amongst them (and therefore under the necessity of constantly roping and unroping) enter our gully ahead of us. The earlier pitches need no comment, but we were a little surprised to see Mr. Williams, after one or two attempts, scramble out of the Great Cave without a "bunk up." When our turn came we, of

course, wanted to do the like. Now Wallis is not a tall man, whereas Williams is, and some other means than those which Williams adopted were a necessity: these a few minutes' examination showed him; so true is it that an awkward place often requires nothing but "a little bit of time"; unsuspected crannies meet the groping fingers, and un hoped for roughnesses hold the knees or feet. Emerging from this test, we saw that the crux of the gully was above us, a large lodged stone overhanging, but this giving a certain amount of access on the left (or S.) side. In 1891 circumvent place was very green and slimy, and we had preferred to it, a course I still judge to be the right one under such conditions.

Mr. Kidson had been leading, but without pitting himself against the difficulty he called up Williams, who was wearing the rope. The approved plan is to squirm up the narrow cleft on the left of the stone till you can sit in a slight depression of the main rock with your feet against the lodged stone. So far all goes well, but you now find there is a sad lack of hand-hold in your immediate neighbourhood, whilst the northern side of the gully is altogether out of reach, and we all concurred with somebody's remark that the posture offers "rather a funny balance." The only means of progress upwards is gained from the palm of the right hand on rough rock low down behind you, till at length you can edge yourself far enough up the smooth slab to give room for the feet to work. All this Williams went through with ease and finish, and, having established himself on high, called for one of us to follow. The pitch is certainly an awkward one, and I thought the time had come to let Wallis show what he could do in leading—it is selfish to monopolise all the difficulties. Wallis was fully equal to the occasion, and climbed the pitch in workmanlike style, not without "bravos!" from those of us who were left below. I followed roped, missing of course the full flavour of the climb, and we then sent each rope down alternately till all below had been fetched up. Two of the party were not climbing men, and the way in which they were dragged over that smooth boulder was a source of mirth to others and of malediction to themselves. We were now all gathered at the foot of the last difficulty, a chimney some 15 feet high, covered by a large projecting rock. Six feet up was a slanting platform, on which Williams established himself, but no means could be seen of even reaching up to the overhanging stone. So we soon turned our attention to the right hand wall of the chimney, where one of the non-climbers had devised a route which he praised in season and out of season, and thoroughly made himself responsible for.



CRIB GOCH FROM CRIB Y DDYSGL, SHEWING THE GULLIES IN THE NORTH FACE.

From a photo. by E. C. DANIEL (September, 3 p.m.)

It was not as easy as A B C, but six of the party were soon above, and as the Fates would have it, the man left below was the original proposer of the route. The rope-end was thrown down, he fixed it round him and began to climb, but an unconscionable time elapsed before any progress was apparent to his three friends above, who stood ready to draw in the rope! At length amid splutterings and mutterings he appeared in sight, and now came the turn of his friends, who pulled vigorously, and he, whether he liked it or not, was fain to take to his feet and come bounding up the rocks. By general acclamation it was admitted that he had justified his boast of what could be done on his chosen route. From this place there is a long, rough scramble to the head of the gully, and we all found a draught of water from sundry hollows in the great flat stones of the summit to be very acceptable.

Next day we had it in our minds to go to the top of Snowdon, by the big gully on Clogwyn-y-Garnedd, and we jogged quietly off by the upper pony track. When we came to the new cairn, where that track joins the Pig track, behold the Williamsses! and bound for the same gully. We agreed they should go ahead and we would spend half-an-hour or so sitting about or lunching, and thus give them time to finish their work before we began. Accordingly, at the exact corner where the upper pony track joins the zig-zags, we called a halt. It was a glorious, cloudless day, and after our hot walk a little rest promised well, but we had no idea we should sit for a space of nearly two hours watching five pigmies crawling in a cleft. The ruddy clothing of some of the party made them readily distinguishable even to the naked eye, but with the telescope it was easy to see who was climbing and how he did his work. There was a constant stream of visitors to Snowdon, some of whom were glad to sit awhile and watch the scramble. The gully looked extremely steep, narrow, and sharply cut; a long smooth shoot appeared to be capped by an enormous jammed stone, and the bottom of this shoot was marked out by a slope of old snow. "Ah!" said the holiday-makers, "when they get to the snow! that will stop them!" The judgment of others who knew something of snow was different; they looked at the smooth shoot above where no snow remained!—a most forbidding place.

Shall I spoil my story if I say at once that the whole thing is a fraud? the gully offered no difficulty whatever, it is for the most part broad and even grassy, and (worst of all) the jammed stone at the top does not close it in; an easy grass slope leads by the side. Of course the proper thing is to clamber through the dank caverns beneath the stone, and we all did so. It was chiefly the

roping and unroping of five men in this place that consumed so much time and gave us spectators so long a rest, but part of the delay was caused by the sweeping of the chimney, for there had been no recent ascent, and a fall of stones and earth had almost filled up the darkling passage.

I am inclined to doubt whether the larger new-fallen blocks are as yet quite firmly fixed, and one shrinks from the idea of what might happen if they shifted whilst any climbers were amongst them. After passing this place we no longer followed the now ill-defined gully, but made a short cut to the summit.

"Y for y Wyddfa with tea on the top," and accordingly we found the Williamses hard at work with loaf and teapot. After giving them our help in this matter, we started off and made our way home by Crib y Dysgyl and the Parson's Nose. There is just one passage on the Nose that I, being last, found to need care in the descent; it is quite at the bottom, below the gullies, at the place where, in ascending, you come to a rather long upward stretch for the right leg, and very little help can be given by the hands. It turned out that the simplest way was to climb up a few steps into a subordinate cleft and descend that. For precaution we hitched the rope over a tooth of rock.

No programme had been fixed for the next day, but by the time Easter Monday dawned I had come gradually to the conclusion it was only right to have another look at Lliwedd. This was a climb that had long been in my mind: as far back as 1873 my brother Alfred and I had gone some little way up the western buttress, and after he left the district I had climbed alone about 200 feet of the central gully. In 1890, too, Wallis and I had examined the western or slanting gully, but in the absence of a rope made no great attempt to climb it.

It would be hard to name a rock wall that looks more hopeless than Lliwedd; from all ordinary points of view it is seen full-face and from below—the ledges, therefore, that really break its smoothness are invisible, and because it faces north no sunlight brings out its unsuspected folds and humps. Very few even among such of the passers-by as are experienced mountaineers would say there was the smallest chance of scaling its crags; it looks one sheet of rock from sky-line to screes. We, of course, knew from the accounts of previous ascents that the climb had been made several times, and that the climbers had not encountered any special difficulties. Accordingly we struck for the screes, wondering from time to time whence came those voices indistinctly heard.

At length the clatter of falling stones gave us the clue, and we

presently descried the figures of two climbers among the rocks above: we called to them, and learned they had made some progress, but were now returning in search of a longer rope. One was an Englishman and the other Peter Rubi of Zermatt. They had found themselves stopped by an over-hanging rock: this Rubi said he could have passed, but with only 40 feet of rope they must both have been in perilous positions. We gave it as our opinion that they would have done better to break out of the gully by a ledge on the right, as indeed we soon afterwards proved.

The lower part of the gully looks easy enough, and would be so were it not that running water and falling stones have worn everything smooth. It is a tantalizing place, and the climber is well satisfied when he stands on the large line of quartz that marks the spot where the gully shoots up more steeply than before: we now saw what had stopped our immediate predecessors, steep smooth rocks and a jutting crag; and I recognised at once that here I had turned in 1873, but to-day, with an excellent cragsman as companion and 40 feet of rope, the circumstances were entirely changed, and I led out along a grassy ledge which appears to offer the climber a means of gaining the face of the western buttress. A few yards along the ledge a kind of tombstone is seen standing edgewise towards the would-be passer-by and in the middle of the ledge. A vigorous pull shows it to be moveable but too firmly rooted for dislodgment, and some care is needed to avoid trusting to it, as there is very little other hold and the ledge itself becomes an insufficient gangway, for one-third of it is behind the stone and one-third occupied by the stone itself. I have called it a tombstone, and not unfitly, for from close here fell Mr. Evans in 1888. As soon as this stone is passed a rib of rock appears to cut off further progress along the grassy ledge, but no difficulty is experienced in clambering round it, and the climbers find themselves on a spacious domain of grass some 10 feet long by 2 feet broad. Re-entering angles afford every facility for sitting, and here accordingly we lunched, holding meanwhile sundry colloquies with the Swiss guide and his master, who still watched us from below. Rubi had repeatedly said before we left them, "It look much badder from here than when we up above, much badder," and evidently the same deceptive appearance continued, for we could tell from their remarks they thought we were doing much more difficult work than we were. The real difficulties, in fact, had not yet begun, though they started immediately from where we sat, and did not abate for about 200 feet of vertical height. In looking back we thought that the first or second scramble after our lunch

on this terrace was as bad as anything; there is but little hold, and the chimney leans away to the left, so that you can make no use of the angle itself. Henceforward for some hour or more there was genuine climbing, one moving at a time, and every advantage being taken of projecting crags, over which the rope might be flung. The only source of anxiety was the insecurity of some of the largest pieces, which in a few instances required the utmost care, as they offered splendid hand-hold, and there was very little other. In such a case the temptation to use the shaky rock is strong, but on Lliwedd it must not be done. Our route carried us more and more to the right (or W.), and away from the central gully, till at about 2.30 p.m. we gained a considerable patch of grass lying at a high angle, and which must therefore under a favourable light be visible from the pony-track across Llydaw. Here we sat again and completed our lunch; things looked better ahead, and we felt there was every prospect of our climb succeeding. With a view to mark this spot we spread out against a flat rock a piece of the newspaper in which Mrs. Owen had wrapped our sandwiches, and supported it in position by such splinters as we could collect. No wind reached it here, and we felt sure the landmark would remain for some hours at least. The only question was whether we should be able to recognize it from below; so in order to make the mark unmistakable if seen at all, we crumpled up a second piece to the size of a cannon ball, and thrust it into a cleft near at hand. The effect of the two was a square patch with a round patch to the left of it, and I may say at once that we found the larger patch (measuring about 24 in. by 18 in.) was quite easily visible to the naked eye from the lower pony-track; it did not require looking for, it shone out from the black surface as a tiny white dot, whilst the telescope showed both patches, and removed all doubt as to whether it was really the newspaper we saw. The position of these beacons was almost exactly half-way between the screes and the summit, and but little removed from the central gully, perhaps one-fifth of the distance from that to the slanting gully. At 2.50 p.m. we resumed our scramble, and passed only three or four other places that gave any trouble, and by 3.40 issued upon the top exactly at the cairn.

Should I be asked if the ascent of Lliwedd by the route described is a very difficult climb, I must say No; but the work is all done under unnerving conditions. Let me amplify the point: Anybody could walk along a plank 9 inches wide laid upon the ground; many would be ready to walk along the top of a garden wall; but the number would be considerably

diminished if the garden wall were 200 feet high, and very few would like to take that 200 feet garden wall as their base of operations for clambering rocks above. A garden wall 200 feet high may be as wide as one 6 feet high, but it is impossible for the mind to feel the same sense of security in the one case as in the other, and it is just so on Lliwedd, the climbing is not in itself severe, but all is done on the face of a precipice, and though this face is well broken up with ledges, they are small, and each in turn looks very small indeed to a man who has scrambled 10 or 12 feet above it by nooks and crannies he can no longer detect. By Sir Edward Watkins' new path we reached the Gribin, and by the Gribin the lower pony track.

On the Tuesday we walked over the shoulder of Siabod to Dolwyddelan, where the flowering currants shone brilliantly in the cottage gardens, and thence down the Lledr Valley bright with gorse and the fresh green of the larches to Bettws. A hot sun was pouring down upon us, and but for the blackthorn and the violets the day might have been a chosen one from August or July. By ten that night I was in London.



LLIWEDD OVER LLYDAU.

From a drawing by H. G. GOTCH.

THE GLYDER THERMOMETERS AND WINTER TEMPERATURE ON MOUNTAIN SUMMITS.

By W. PIFFE BROWN.

ON the 13th May, 1867, Mr. H. B. Biden, of Sale, Manchester, placed a minimum self-registering thermometer on the summit of Y Glyder fach, four miles east-north-east from Snowdon, and 3,262 feet above sea level. It was screened from observation to protect it from the British tourist, a precaution, which, as will be seen, was not unnecessary, and so placed as to give the lowest air, not radiation, temperature. Above was a large thick slab of feldspar porphyry, and on the east, west, and south, a chaos of huge blocks of the same, standing, leaning, and prostrate, while to the north a steep slope of similar blocks fell away. This instrument, one with a boxwood scale, worked satisfactorily for over 25 years, the spirit then developed a tendency to evaporate and condense at the wrong end of the tube, and in September, 1893, it was replaced by one with a metal scale. This one remained in the same position for two years, but, from much use, the way to it had become very well nail-marked, and, at last, the British tourist found it and turned it upside down, so there was no record for the winter of 1894-95. This was unfortunate, for in that winter a reading of -5° was registered at Churchstoke in Montgomeryshire, a station of the Royal Meteorological Society, about 540 feet above sea level. In September, 1895, the instrument was removed and placed in another rocky cave or hollow near the top stone, screened from radiation and not easy to find, particularly in a mist, even by those who have seen the station. In the same month a second instrument was placed in a recess by the Cannon Stone, near the summit, but on examination the following year the index was found down in the bulb. How this happened is not known, possibly it was another freak of the British tourist previously mentioned, it was then placed with the other instrument and the two have since remained undisturbed.

Until 1883 or 1884 the readings of Mr. Biden's thermometer were, with a few exceptions, recorded by himself, but for two winters, 1868-70, no readings were taken. His visits to Snowdonia fell off a few years before his death, which occurred on the 28th December, 1887.

The summit of Y Glyder fach was thus described by Pennant over a hundred years ago, and the description is still as accurate as it is forcible :—"The plain which forms the top is strangely covered with loose stones, like the beach of the sea, in many places crossing one another in all directions, and entirely naked. Numbers of groups of stones are almost erect, sharp pointed and in sheaves; all are weather-beaten, time-eaten and honeycombed, and of a venerable grey colour. The elements seem to have warred against this mountain, rains have washed, lightnings torn, the very earth deserted it, and the winds make it the constant object of their fury. The shepherds make it the residence of storms, and style a part of it Carnedd-y-gwynt, or the Eminence of Tempests."

But to return to the thermometers. The following table gives the lowest winter reading for each of the years during which the thermometers have been in position :—

Year.		Year.		Year.		Year.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.		Degrees.		
1867-8 ...	14·5	1878-9 ...	22·0	1889-90...	15·0	Second Instrument.	
1868-9 ...	14·0	1879-80...	15·5	1890-1 ...	11·0	1895-6	No record
1869-70...		1880-1 ...	12·0	1891-2 ...	9·0		Degrees.
1870-1 ...		1881-2 ...	21·5	1892-3 ...	10·0	1896-7 ...	15·0
1871-2 ...	14·0	1882-3 ...	16·0	1893-4 ...	8·0	1897-8 ...	18·5
1872-3 ...	13·0	1883-4 ...	20·0	1894-5	No record		
1873-4 ...	14·0	1884-5 ...	26·0	1895-6 ...	17·0		
1874-5 ...	18·0	1885-6 ...	17·5	1896-7 ...	15·0		
1875-6 ...	15·0	1886-7 ...	18·0	1897-8 ...	19·0		
1876 7 ...	26·0	1887-8 ...	15·7				
1877-8 ...	17·0	1888-9 ...	15·0				
Average				16·02°			

It will be observed that until 1876 the winter readings of the instrument were strangely uniform—ranging only from 13° to 18°—since then the fluctuations have been greater; twice they have been as high as 26° and once as low as 8°. Curiously enough the

four lowest readings, 11° , 9° , 10° , and 8° , occurred in four consecutive years, 1891-94. All these temperatures are comparatively high, and it is singular that in so long a time there should not have been one reading that could be said to be low, although temperature below zero was recorded at Churchstoke in the winters of 1880-81 and 1894-95.

It is difficult to satisfactorily account for these results. The first thought that presents itself is that the instrument gets snowed up early in the winter. A moderate fall of snow would, by drifting, soon bury the place where it is hidden, and perhaps cover it until the following spring, keeping it comparatively warm. This, no doubt, must have happened sometimes, but the chances that it always occurred whenever the temperature was at its lowest during so many years are, to say the least, improbable. Snow, or the absence of it, cannot be assigned as the cause of the four lowest temperatures, the probability that the same conditions prevailed in four successive winters being exceedingly remote. After a slight fall of snow in October, 1897, there was none in the following winter, and yet the lowest temperature registered was as high as 19° . It may therefore be reasonably assumed that some of the readings correctly give the lowest winter temperature of the station.

Radiation and evaporation ordinarily influence temperature, but these would be comparatively little from the naked rock surface and scanty vegetation of the summit of the Glyder, and the loss of temperature from these causes would be correspondingly little and only slightly affect the readings of the instruments.

It may be that extreme cold, like extreme heat, does not so much occur on moderate heights as in valleys where the humidity and radiation are greater. On mountain tops the temperature is, on the whole, much lower than on the plains below, the difference being far more marked in the daytime than at night, and in summer than in winter. In fact, in the case of severe frost, the conditions are ordinarily reversed, and the temperature rises with height instead of falling. (See Scott's *Elementary Meteorology*.) In dead calms and clear skies the air descends, when refrigerated on the heights, to the lowest level of the valleys. The effect of wind is to prevent the cold air from settling in the hollows, and it is only on clear calm nights that intense cold occurs in this country.

It is well known that severe winters are often more destructive in valleys than on moderate heights, and that evergreens in low

situations are sometimes destroyed, while others on higher ground escape, owing to the higher temperature and drier atmosphere there. The Glyder observations indicate that the same law prevails on greater elevations, the lowest reading there being 8° , although, as before mentioned, temperature below zero was twice recorded at Churchstoke.

The Glyder record is the only one of the kind made on a mountain summit in Great Britain for so long a time.

The observations on Ben Nevis go back to 1883, when the Observatory was built. Here great care is taken to keep the instruments free from snow and ice, and readings are taken hourly day and night. As might be expected from the greater elevation, the extreme winter readings are lower than those on the Glyder, but they are comparatively high—there having been no *minus* reading, the lowest winter temperatures ranging only from 14.2° down to 0.7° , and the average being 7.15° —and confirm the conclusion that extreme cold does not occur so much on moderate heights as in the valleys.

At Churchstoke the lowest readings since 1875 range from 23.5° to -5° , the average being 14.44° . With the exception of the *minus* reading of -1° , in the winter of 1880-81, there is a remarkable agreement between these and the Glyder observations. The great snow and blizzard of January, 1881, must have covered the Glyder station with a thick mantle of snow, while that at Churchstoke was probably kept clear. Unfortunately, there is no reading of the Glyder thermometer for the winter of 1894-5 to compare with the -5° at Churchstoke.

At Llandudno, a low-level sea-side station of the Royal Meteorological Society, the extreme winter temperatures since 1875 are from 30.2° to 14.5° , the average being 23.95° , these high values being due to the influence of the sea.

Much the same results are found on the Cotswold Hills and in the Vale of the Severn, but not so marked. Observations taken near Birdlip in Gloucestershire, 800 feet above sea-level, for the past sixteen winters, show the lowest temperature to have been 9° Fah., the mean of the winter minima being 17.31° ; but at Gloucester, in the Vale, more than 700 feet below, minima of 6° and 8° have been registered within the same period, the mean, so far as the observations extend, being 16.50° , slightly *below* that of Birdlip on the hills.

NOTE.—A short paper on this subject was printed in the Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society for 1895, and portions thereof are repeated in the above.

To conclude, the lowest winter readings at the various stations mentioned, from the commencement of the respective records to the present time, are, for comparison, given in the following Table:—

Year.	Glyder fach, 3,262 feet.	Churchstoke, 540 feet.	Llandudno, Near Sea Level.	Ben Nevis, 4,407 feet.
	Degrees.	Degrees.	Degrees.	Degrees.
1867-68 ...	14·5
1868-69)	14·0
1869-70 ...				
1870-71)				
1871-72 ...	14·0
1872-73 ...	13·0
1873-74 ...	14·0
1874-75 ...	18·0
1875-76 ...	15·0	15·7	22·9	...
1876-77 ...	26·0	22·8	26·3	...
1877-78 ...	17·0	23·5	28·0	...
1878-79 ...	22·0	12·2	19·1	...
1879-80 ...	15·5	13·2	23·0	...
1880-81 ...	12·0	-1·0	14·5	...
1881-82 ...	21·5	22·1	30·2	...
1882-83 ...	16·0	10·7	25·5	...
1883-84 ...	20·0	20·3	30·0	9·9 Feb., 1884
1884-85 ...	26·0	21·8	27·0	11·1 Feb., 1885
1885-86 ...	17·5	13·2	22·5	8·4 Dec., 1885
1886-87 ...	18·0	14·7	24·5	8·4 Dec., 1886
1887-88 ...	15·7	17·6	25·7	7·2 Mar., 1888
1888-89 ...	15·0	14·4	25·5	6·4 Feb., 1889
1889-90 ...	15·0	16·5	25·4	10·1 Mar., 1890
1890-91 ...	11·0	9·2	20·0	5·6 Mar., 1891
1891-92 ...	9·0	8·9	22·6	3·5 Mar., 1892
1892-93 ...	10·0	11·2	25·0	6·4 Jan., 1893
1893-94 ...	8·0	10·0	15·0	0·7 Jan., 1894
1894-95 ...	No record	-5·0	17·5	1·8 Feb., 1895
1895-96 ...	17·0	19·0	26·8	14·2 Jan., 1896
1896-97 ...	15·0	19·0	26·0	4·0 Jan., 1897
1897-98 ...	19·0	22·2	28·0	9·6 Feb., 1898
Averages—				
1867-98 ...	16·02
1875-98 ...	16·42	14·44	23·95	...
1883-98 ...	15·44	14·20	24·10	7·15

FIRST ASCENT OF THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN, 1895.

By J. M. A. THOMSON.

At the beginning of March the Great Frost of 1895 had begun to yield along the North Wales Littoral, but the thaw had not yet penetrated to higher levels, and around Ogwen the streams were still silent and the mountains ice-bound.

At 10 o'clock on March 3rd Hughes and I left Benglog Cottage, and striking a bee-line across Llyn Idwal, then sheeted with seven inches of ice, proceeded up slopes of snow towards the Devil's Kitchen; the surface crust was fairly strong, and only occasionally did we break through and flounder in the deep, soft snow beneath. Within the chasm the gradient increased gently, but the slope finally steepened to a severe angle, and the labour of ascent was materially augmented by the powdery condition of the snow which kept sliding from above with exasperating regularity, and obliterating our steps as soon as cut. The slope tapered to a chisel-edge, ending abruptly at the mouth of a semi-circular cavern; this was roofed with rock and floored with snow, slender pillarets of ice in welded clusters formed the walls, the whole structure appearing so fragile and delicate as to suggest almost a creation of the fancy—strange and beautiful.

The cavern was some 25 feet deep from the roof; we fixed a rope to a planted axe and slithered down into it; the side we thus descended was a straight wall of snow and ice, against the outer side of which rested the slope we had previously ascended. The cavern occupied half the space between the walls of the Kitchen; outside it on the right stood a vertical bastion of ice, and this we hopefully began to attack. At first we could merely stand on the snow edge and deliver side-blows at the wall, for a large quantity of encrusted icicles had to be hewn away before it became possible to stand erect beneath and breast the obstacle. When a base of operations had been made we began to construct a series of steps easy of descent, by this means we were enabled to relieve one another, and endeavour to thaw in the relative warmth of the cavern where we found a welcome shelter from the wind which was constantly whirling the granular snow into columns and whisking its blinding grapeshot into our faces. Progress was inconceivably slow, for, as the right hand was always engaged in maintaining the balance, and there was no possibility of a body

swing, the axe could not be used to advantage. According to tradition, our ancestor Thor was armed with a hammer for his battles with the Frost Giants, and with such a weapon we, too, were luckily provided in the form of a hatchet, surreptitiously removed from the worthy Mrs. Jones' coal-cellar at Ogwen. This implement proved of the utmost utility until the head took leave of the haft, and, glissading the snow slopes, vanished from sight. The head was recovered, and the hatchet, ingeniously repaired with string, continued to render us valuable service.

At two o'clock we discussed provisions in the cavern. Twelve ginger-biscuits and a morsel of chocolate was all we could muster between us, for we had anticipated an early return to Ogwen; yet, as this meagre meal was to suffice till eleven that night, it must be dignified by the name of lunch. Hughes renewed operations, and with so much added vigour that, half-an-hour later, he cut right through the ice wall, and I exchanged places with him to gain a view of the situation. The aperture was large enough to admit head and shoulders, and opened into a circular pit, two-thirds of the enclosing wall being of smooth ice, and the remaining of sheer rock, down which a dribble of water trickled from above. It was about 10 feet in diameter, and stretched upwards some 20 feet from the place of puncture, and downwards perhaps 30 feet, but owing to darkness the bottom was not visible. The view was singularly impressive, and suggestive of grave possibilities in the event of a collapse. The presence of the pit was an unwelcome revelation; we had previously supposed the ice to be solid to the rock, and as it was plain that we were engaged upon a giant icicle of questionable solidity, formed by the freezing of the water-fall, we reconsidered the situation, and sorrowfully concluded that it would be unwise to attempt further progress. It chanced, however, that the hatchet had been left at the hole, and, on going up to recover it, I fell almost mechanically to hewing at the ice above, and was encouraged by a little progress. Hughes then came under me, and with incredible patience held my foot for thirty-five minutes until I could advance to small projection of ice festooned with icicles, which stood out from the main mass like a bracket from a wall. Hughes then retired to the cavern to act as sheet anchor in case of need, and here passed the time in elaborating many artistic designs, converting, as I afterwards learnt, the cavern into a comfortable boudoir, provided, too, with effective ventilation, for on striking the back wall of ice he broke into another chasm generally similar to that described above. My slow rate of progress was partly due to the impossi-

bility of delivering very accurate blows with the hatchet, inasmuch as it was necessary to bow the head at the moment of impact in order to allow the detached fragments to fall thereon—at least, this plan was found by experience distinctly preferable to the alternative method of receiving them in the face. At length the wall gave way again; it was stronger than might be supposed from its thickness, here less than an inch, for it was ribbed and strengthened on the outside by icicles in bas-relief. The hole proved useful as a hand—and foothold, and enabled me to reach sooner the level of a snow slope on the left, which hung over the entrance to the cavern, and from here I could reach with an axe to cut a step in it a foot above its abrupt termination. In the swing across the bearing powers of the step had to be taken on trust, and on such occasions few will not come nigh to momentarily envying the poet his “foothold tenon’d and mortised in granite.”

The change to snow was very welcome; the slope, however, was abnormally steep, lying, as it did, on the outward face of the great wedged rock that dominates the pitch, the angle of which, according to an imperfect measurement, is about 80 degrees. It was found expedient to hollow away the snow behind each step to avoid being tilted backwards by the bend of the knee in ascending. Thirteen feet above the gradient sensibly diminished, and the difficulties were at an end.

Hughes, who had come out on the wall to allow me the full run of our 80-foot rope, had long been waiting with eager patience; he now came up, making short work of the difficulties that had delayed me so long. After three hours’ separation it was doubly pleasant to revel together in that exquisite feeling of bliss which is the climber’s meed of victory.

It was now 7.15, and the intensity of the cold, far more than the gathering darkness, forbade a prolonged halt. We began to descend, as we thought, by the ordinary route, but the uncertain light and altered aspect of the surroundings may have misled us; we were soon descending a rapidly steepening sheet of ice, and chipping had already begun, when I suddenly recollected the irresistible charms of the descent into Llanberis Pass, and expatiated so eloquently thereon that Hughes uncomplainingly resigned all the pleasures in prospect of cutting steps in the dark down to the Cwm of Llyn Idwal.

The plateau looked quite unfamiliar in its covering of deep snow; in vain we scanned our surroundings for some trace of Llyn y Cwn, and finally discovered its existence beneath the snow we were treading. As we trudged slowly on, night came down,

and the cold was unspeakable; our one desire was to reach a lower level and be warm again, and down the slopes of Cwm Patric we plunged in a series of inelegant slides, and euphemistically termed it glissading. At rare intervals short gleams of moonlight displayed dissolving views of singular beauty, and then we took our bearings. At 10.30 we reached the Dolbadarn Inn, but our entry was delayed, for the lamplight showed that the nether portion of an under garment had broken loose from its moorings, and, being frozen stiff as cardboard, could not easily be arranged with equal respect for decorum and comfort. Once within the inn we were the grateful recipients of much kindly attention; it was no doubt partly due to the good offices of our host that a limb, now first discovered frost-bitten, returned five weeks later to its senses. We fully enjoyed the creature comforts, and sat up long discussing the little incidents in a climb which, though of such modest proportions, has impressed itself more deeply on the mind and memory than the ascents of several Alpine giants with snowy summits old in story.

A LAKELAND LYRIC.

BY 'A CROCK.'

Urge me no more. Moss Ghyll I will not climb,
Where deuce is called at tennis on the ledge,
And steps are collied on the very edge
Of nothing, while each exit than the last
Is Collier or more Collie. Lest cragfast
I agonise, Moss Ghyll I will not climb.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Others may climb, not I,
Thy pillar, Scawfell, from ghyll deep or steep,—
Others who steeped in guilt than I more deep
Court suicide, their lives within their hand,
(And little else and nowhere firm to stand).
Such breakneck rocks others may climb, not I.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Not mine that northern face
Of Pillar Stone to scale, and at the Nose
To drivell foolish (while my leader goes
To drink and smoke in gully out of sight),
Then boggling yell 'Confound you, man, hold tight!'
Another's climb, not mine, that northern face.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. I do not want to see
The eggs in Eagles' Nest. The Arrow Head
I hold a pointless thing. Nor will I thread
At needless risk the Needle, nor (Kern) Knotts
Will tie in cracks and western chimney pots.
Cracks and cracked skulls I do not want to see.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Rather I'll face Blacksail,
With sun and knapsack full upon my back,
Or up Esk Hause pursue the well-cairned track
To 'England's summit,' or with aim less high
Trundling a bike inglorious up the Sty, e,
'Escape to Keswick down through Borrowdale.'

These are the climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

With apologies for many plagiarisms.

CHALK CLIMBING ON BEACHY HEAD.

BY H. SOMERSET BULLOCK, A.C.

"Look one step onward, and secure that step."—BROWNING.



O deal with Chalk
Cliff Climbing I
must, in a double
sense, venture on
treacherous ground.
There is a certain
prejudice against
"fine-grained, white,
non-crystalline, soft
limestone," a preju-
dice more firmly
rooted than the
nodules of flint
which stud the face
of Beachy Head. I
do not deny that
there is some reason
for this general
antipathy, but, at
the same time, I
would urge that it
is the child of
ignorance as well as
of experience. In a
word, Chalk Climb-

ing is a dog with a bad name, but it does not deserve hanging—only see that it is muzzled.

Mr. Haskett Smith, in his handbook for the British Isles, humorously remarks that Beachy Head is "a very fine bold chalk cliff, the first ascent of which is made about once in every two years, if we may believe all that we see in the papers. The truth is that there is a treacherous incline of some 600 feet, formed of

chalk and grass, both very steep and often dangerously slippery; and during the Eastbourne season the coastguards at the top find their principal occupation in supplying mechanical assistance to exhausted clamberers; but for difficulty these cliffs will not for a moment compare with those of half the height which carry on the line westward to Birling Gap."

It may be that Mr. Haskett Smith did not mean his note to be taken too seriously. Beachy Head can be ascended by a gentle slope from the sea to the summit in season and out of season by a child. The true climbing section of the cliff is a quarter of a mile beyond the summit and the coastguard station; and here the height is nearer 500 than 600 feet. Even here, however, the joke as to first ascents is superfluous, for the scramble from the shore by the easiest route is done constantly; and this winter an idiotic cyclist carried up his machine on his back. A second route, suitable for ladies with fairly steady heads, joins Etheldreda's Walk, and reaches the top of the cliff by an easy gully, well sheltered by a fine buttress. Besides these main highways there are at least four more or less trying variations, needing the rope in three of them. Comparisons are always odious, but that which Mr. Haskett Smith draws between Beachy Head and Birling Gap is a slight on our playground of the south. There is no point between the latter and Birling Gap, at which anyone, not equipped with a balloon, could ascend the cliff.

My first acquaintance with the Head—I own this sounds a little like a reminiscence of school life—dates back to 1894, shortly after two members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club had climbed the pinnacles and several chimneys and gullies. I began my explorations alone, and it was not until I had obtained my "chalk legs" that I attempted a serious afternoon's work.

More than a century ago an enormous mass of cliff, extending for over 300 yards, must have slipped down and thus formed a kind of undercliff, which is now grass-covered. Three pinnacles, relics of the old face, remain standing, and bygone records tell us that at one time there were seven or even more. These three divide up the climbing section. First, we have the Split Block, which is *not* seen to advantage from above. It lies almost below the western edge of Monkey Island, a very well-known haunt of the thousand and one trippers, who visit the Head every day in the summer. It is easily identified, being a portion of the cliff, joined to the mainland by a causeway about the width of an ordinary Down track.

Beyond the Split Block towards the west is Etheldreda's

Pinnacle, which effectually hides its big brother, the Devil's Chimney. Looking eastward one notices a noselike promontory sloping from the coastguard "outlook" towards the sea. At the



ETHELDREDA'S PINNACLE.

[NOTE.—The Chimneys giving access to the Bridge are hidden by the buttress of loose chalk in the foreground. The ascent from the Bridge is by a zig-zag traverse up the "back" of the pinnacle.]

tip of the nose a notch has been cut out. Through this notch runs the most convenient route to the undercliff, and it is the best starting point for the "grand tour" to the Devil's Chimney. A

more sporting means of access is provided by Vixen Chimney, which leads down directly from a notice board, warning inexperienced adventurers. Both ways enable one to join an attenuated track, which comes to a premature end about 150 feet below Monkey Island and the Split Block. However, a steep slope proves no obstacle to an introduction to Fox Chimney, the front door of the Block. Once up the slope, a gallery running past the foot of Fox Chimney ends in a small balcony, minus the usual balustrade. From this point there is a perfect view of Etheldreda's Pinnacle. If Fox Chimney, which has a superabundance of loose chalk boulders, be deemed too treacherous, the Split Block may be climbed by a narrow crack on the western side, or at the back from the passage between the main cliff and the pinnacle; this latter gives an excellent piece of practice for ladies. In Fox Chimney care should be taken to climb by back and boot work only, the holds being insecure. For the narrow crack the only warning necessary is to avoid, if possible, leaving parts of your garments on its jagged wall.

A loose gully, protected by a ruinous ridge, ascends to Monkey Island Causeway, but it is not to be recommended.

By continuing to traverse in a westerly direction, after returning along the gallery, we strike the Grass Traverse, a very welcome stretch of level grass-land, used as a camping site from time to time. Here blackberries grow under the shadow of a precipitous wall of flint-bound chalk. Etheldreda's Pinnacle and the Cuillin Crack are in full view, the former a curiously-shaped mass of weather-hardened chalk, the latter a shallow chimney, eighty feet high, which still remains to be climbed. For either it is necessary to mount from the Grass Traverse until one can descend directly to a couple of short chimneys leading up to the bridge of Etheldreda's Pinnacle. These are Castor and Pollux. For choice take Pollux, the first one comes to. From the bridge the route is obvious, only one step being at all difficult to negotiate, and even this is easier than it used to be. I cannot say what constitutes effective occupation of the summit, but it is advisable not to set one's foot too proudly on the top—if at all! On one occasion a photographer wasted ten plates as I climbed the Pinnacle, in the hope, as he afterwards was good enough to explain, that he might obtain a snap-shot of my fall.

From the bridge a particularly fine W chimney, in which a jammed boulder plays an interesting part, tempts the climber to try a new route down. This is Grant's Chimney. It is, perhaps,

preferable to come back by Pollux, and skirt the base of Etheldreda's Pinnacle to the foot of the Chimney; then one can climb up and down. Afterwards among the chalk boulders with the



THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY.

[NOTE.—Below the photograph the grass slopes provide an easy way to the steep Devil's Chimney Route up to the Gap between the Pinnacle and the Cliff.]

impressive Devil's Chimney silhouetted against the evening sky one can wax poetical, noting the silver wake of toy craft, passing and repassing the Head; the wet seaweed, lying like glossy hair

on the rocks; the pools—the mirrors of the sunset glow; until one feels horribly sentimental and invokes alliteration to give effect to the “sobbing and the sighing” of the sea. The cliff is honey-combed with fox and rabbit holes, and there is always a bird parliament sitting on the pinnacles.

I can only briefly refer to one or two more climbs. There is Roy's route, a magnificent scramble to the cliff summit, climbed by a dog—a collie—at the first attempt. Though four-footed he had to be roped and hauled up the last twenty feet. Then there is the * Devil's Chimney route—a difficult climb, needing some nerve. This starts from the foot of the Chimney, and ascends to the Gap between the pinnacle and the main body of the cliff. From the Gap to the summit of the cliff is easy, but the ascent of the Devil's Chimney is unjustifiable owing to recent disintegration.

There seems to be another fine climb on the other side of the Chimney, but I am not sure whether this is practicable.

Several minor climbs I have omitted, since, in nearly every case, these or others like them can be found by the visitor for himself. A word, however, may be said for Darby's Hole, twenty minutes' walk towards Eastbourne from Birling Gap. A genuine chimney is provided with a rope, which enables nervous climbers to pass through the trapdoorway into the first-floor dining room. A series of smugglers' steps—smugglers must have elephantine feet—take one to the next floor, which may also be reached by the back stairs. Callers are asked to sign their names in the Visitors' Book, and to try a new route into the cave without using the chimney.

To sum up, I regard chalk climbing on Beachy Head as an unsurpassable means of preparation for snow or ice work in the Alps. One must have a good head to cease wondering

“But is it earth or sea that heaves below,”

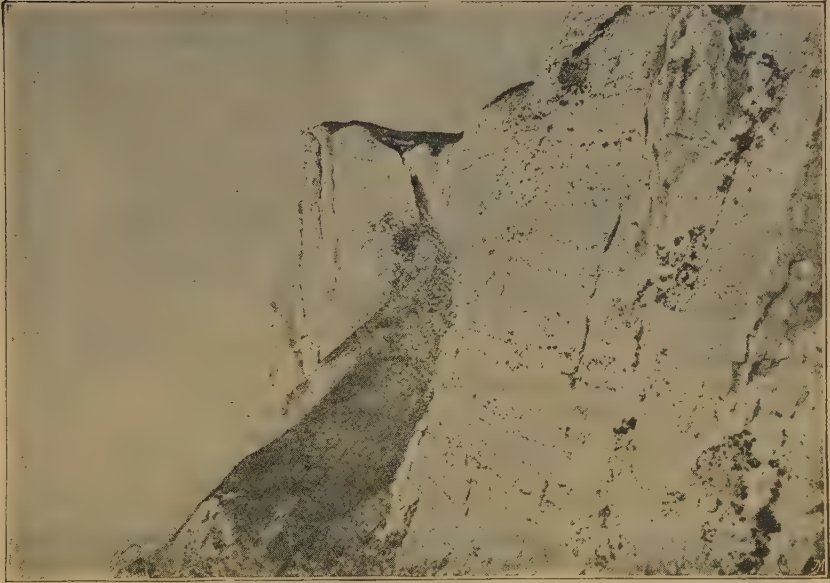
a good balance, and method to

“Look one step onward, and secure that step.”

And if practice for hand grip is needed, where better can one find it than among the dungeons of Pevensey Castle? There is, in fact, one chamber which provides a hand traverse, well calculated to make one's fingers stiff for a week. Lastly, if the

* It should be noted that “Chimney” is a misnomer. The Chimney is a Pinnacle.

visitor desires training for the delightful occupation of walking over moraines, a course of boulder-jumping on the shore may be safely recommended.



(A) (B) (C)

THE GRASS TRAVERSE AND ETHELDREDA'S PINNACLE.

[NOTE.—(A) Etheldreda's Pinnacle ; (B) The Cuillin Crack ; (C) ; Route to summit of Cliff.]

NOTES FROM WASTDALE.

THE recent stormy weather, that attained the character of a calamitous visitation in many parts of the country, rendered the Lake district exceedingly unattractive to the ordinary tourist, and almost equally unpleasant to the climber. The worst effects of the storm were over by the time that the Christmas holidays began. Borrowdale had been flooded, the great "wash-out" had scarred the steep slopes of Base Brown, the Derwent had changed its course suddenly and rushed five or six feet deep straight along the main road through Seathwaite village. Large sections of the Styhead path had been obliterated, and huge boulders by the score had been carried hundreds of yards down stream and deposited indiscriminately on the neighbouring pastures. Great damage had been done all round, and the only satisfaction was that the immense force of the flood—the severest for thirty years or more—had swept the scheme for the Styhead carriage-road into the middle of the next century, sufficiently far off at any rate for it to remain out of sight and mind for many a year to come. Its warmest supporters are still standing aghast at this practical manifestation of the wear and tear to which their mountain highway might have been occasionally subjected.

Although the forces of nature had somewhat abated by Christmas, the wind still blew up strongly and incessantly from the south-west. Scarcely a day passed without heavy rain in the valleys, or alternating rain and snow on the fells. Occasionally climbing parties were able to get above the snow-line before aggravating the animosity of the weather, and enjoyed some magnificent winter practice in the easier gullies. Moss Ghyll was tried ineffectually by one party. Another succeeded with the Kern Knotts' Crack, but the conditions of wind and rain were desperately bad. The Central Gully on the north face of Gable and the two chief gullies on Great End offered grand climbing of a difficult order, the pitches being heavily iced and progress correspondingly slow. Not very much work of an original nature was undertaken, partly because of the unusually bad conditions that obtained everywhere, and partly because of the smallness of the contingent of climbing men. We were glad to see Messrs. G. L. Collins, J. Puttrel, Percy Weightman, George Abraham and O. G. Jones, representing the Club, but for the most part their stay was brief.

The most important new climb was that of Walker's Gully by Messrs. G. Abraham, A. E. Field, and O. G. Jones, the last named leading throughout the ascent. This gully is a vertical cleft between the Pillar Rock and the Shamrock. It has possessed a certain amount of notoriety on account of the sad accident to the youth Walker, who was killed by falling down the whole length of the gully in the year 1883, and whose name has ever since been associated with the place. Perhaps on this account, perhaps by reason of the general belief in the danger of stones falling down it from the upper screes of the Pillar mountain, the gully was avoided for some years. But its undoubted beauty from the climbing point of view, and the unquestionable severity of its many pitches, have within the last year or two attracted several climbers of repute; and though their unsuccessful attempts have generally been unrecorded, there is reason to believe that all the pitches excepting the very last have been climbed again and again. More recently still, the opinion has been expressed that the last pitch would never be climbed from below, a notion probably formed from an examination of its difficulties from the crest of the gully. We read a few months ago—was it in the *Alpine Journal* itself?—that the *last great unclimbed* gully in Cumberland had been vanquished, the writer referring to the newly-christened Mouse Ghyll. Surely he had not forgotten Walker's Gully, later and greater; and even if he had there is still in Cumberland the Savage Gully on the Pillar Rock, and sundry others elsewhere that we would fain leave unnamed.

The ascent was effected on January 7th last. The upper screes were snow-covered, so that there was no danger of stonefalls. No snow lay in the steeper parts of the gully, but its lower portion was rendered excessively troublesome by a thin film of ice that covered the rocks with a uniform veneer. At the overhanging pitch in the middle, where the side walls approach within two feet of each other, and the jammed stone offers a long and smooth upper surface with a baffling absence of finger-holds, the party were almost driven back by a stream of water that shot straight on their heads; and on emergence at the crest of the pitch they were completely drenched with the ice-cold water. Fortunately the stream higher up confined itself to the inmost recesses of the gully, and except for the general wetness and low temperature of the remaining rocks, the conditions were not unlike those that the climber may expect to find in summer time. Arrived at the last pitch, a few minutes' inspection showed that the best way of attacking it was by the right wall, creeping closely up the irregular

crack between this and the jammed stones. "Upwards and outwards" is the order of the hour, for the blocks overhang more and more as we mount higher. At the worst corner the leader was able to brace himself into the crack by looping his rope through it, but the strain on his arms was very severe and he had to descend once or twice to rest himself and restore circulation to his benumbed fingers. Ultimately a way was designed for utilizing the looped rope as a handhold, and with this aid the last projecting boulder was rounded without foothold of any sort. The remaining six feet of the pitch were easy, and the gully was left behind in 2 hours 40 minutes from the time of starting. The climb will always be difficult, though a second ascent by the same party in dry weather ought not to take more than half the above time. The ascent of Walker's Gully and a continuation up the Great Chimney by a variation route of Messrs. Abraham and Jones may be said to constitute a new method of climbing the Pillar Rock from the north side.

Of the short climbs within easy reach of Wastdale Head, none are more popular than those on Kern Knotts. But for good quality and convenience of rapid approach a set recently discovered by Messrs. Abraham and Jones on Yewbarrow bid fair to become close rivals. They may be called the Overbeck Chimneys. They are situated on Dropping Crag, Yewbarrow, a short distance round to the north from Bell Rib, and their locality may be identified from the road a mile below the head of the lake. The gully, marked by an ash tree on a small ledge above its second pitch, has a fine "crack" finish and other interesting details. A few yards to the south of it lies a second gully of formidable aspect, consisting of a number of short but attractive problems following one another in rapid succession. Round on the lake side of Bell Rib the casual scrambler on these irregular masses of rock may come across a diminutive "needle" on the right flank of a long scree gully. It is set somewhat out of the perpendicular, and its material is not of the firmest character, but the ascent can be accomplished in a few minutes, and the view of near and distant fellsides will be ample reward.

CHRISTMAS AT PEN-Y-GWRYD.

By A PEN-Y-GWRYDIAN.

December 24th.—Walk up from Bettws-y-Coed. Glorious morning. Some of the party show symptoms of pugilism (the most friendly) not a mile from the hotel. Others (under fifteen) must needs climb the Swallow Falls, without ropes or delay. We take the old road to Capel-curig. A few visitors at Cobden's. The Royal apparently empty. Snowdon is invisible*; there is no snow anywhere on the hills. At the door of Pen-y-Gwryd we receive from the Principal Resident a warm welcome (the last visitors left a week ago). We start up the Pig Track, and once more watch the curtain on Lliwedd. We return. The Secretary has arrived, with his familiar suite. The Christmas party is growing. The health of the Club is drunk, by special order, at 8.0 p.m. (Pen-y-Gwryd time).

December 25th.—Snowdon still invisible. Christmas joy increased by the apparition of rough towels. Some of the party are *hors de combat*, so to the copper mines (approval of the party under fifteen). Mr. Cobden, Junior, has commenced digging the foundation of his new hotel at Pen-y-pass. The copper mines show signs of activity; new lines of wire. It is beginning to blow.

December 26th.—When the Club was started we heard something about a branch for botany and geology. Wonder if these are forgotten? Will the Editor like my journal if I do not put in more climbing? Resolve, if he does not, to support the claims of a Crag-Walking Club. To the Cwm Dyli Falls, and up the eastern end of Lliwedd. The air at P.Y.G. has been so thick with C.C. talk that the Impartial Outsider observes to-day that "The Club will wreck Snowdon." A fearful wind-storm at night. It is supposed that the inn would have been blown away, had not a yachting friend of the Secretary's got up in the night and tightened the pegs.

December 27th.—Snowdon still invisible, and a gale blowing. Some of the party up Crib Goch and find no wind there. Others up the Miners' track, across the Gribin, to the foot of the Tŵll Du. Nant Ffrancon is in full flood. The Kitchen roaring like a broken reservoir. Home over the shoulder of the big Glyder.

*December Bradshaw announces that trains will run on the Snowdon Railway "as required."

Sunshine at last, and Snowdon in full view for the first time since our arrival. The *h-de-cs* spent the morning exploring the Beddgelert road; which is again in requisition for observing the eclipse at 10.0 p.m. in a cloudless sky.

December 28th.—To Ogwen Cottage, and home by Llyn Idwal and the Gribin. Ogwen Cottage is without visitors. At dinner to-night the enquiry is raised as to where the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Owen have gone to, which were once at P.Y.G? Memo for the Secretary, who to our grief has left us this morning: Could the portraits not be recovered? Snowdon invisible all day.

December 29th.—Rain. Full dress parade on the Eckenstein stone. Some of the party attempt the gullies on the N.E. arête of Crib Goch. The *h-de-cs* sally to Llanberis. Much consternation, as the Principal Resident has characterised all who come to P.Y.G. as "a little odd." At a late hour our correspondent discovered a whist party, three of the participants in which were apparently asleep. It will never now be known what were trumps.

December 30th.—The hills all round are sifted with fine snow. There is no cloud in the sky. Some of the party inspected Clogwyn dur Arddu. The *h-de-cs* took Ogwen Cottage as their objective, and were rewarded. The russet browns by Bronheulog glowed as though they were molten. Some one hazards the remark that it is one of the most perfect days he has ever known. How many days here in each season can each of us certify as coming up to this standard? Probably about one a month.

December 31st.—Rain, more persistent, but less harmful; for the larger section of the party are driving for the train.

SOME UNFREQUENTED CLIMBS IN LAKELAND.

By ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM.

WHEN our editor at first invited me to contribute a short article on "Unfrequented Climbs in the Lakes," I thought it too wide a subject and one which would occupy more space than he could possibly have at his disposal.

However, upon consideration, I find that they class themselves very conveniently under three heads—firstly, the climbs that are unfrequented on account of their extreme difficulty; secondly, those that are in the vicinity of popular and historic climbs; and thirdly, those that are unfrequented for no other reason than that they are not frequented.

It is with some of the last that I intend to deal, and though it may be urged that these climbs are off the beaten track, surely it is one of the climber's many ambitions to get into out-of-the-way places. At all events, members of the Club who find themselves weary of the hotel life of Keswick or Patterdale will probably be glad to know that as good a half day can be spent near these places as in the better recognised climbing centres.

Probably at no time does the freshness and enjoyment of climbing strike one more than when it is possible to go in an hour or two from a busy town into the "solitude and fastnesses" of the hills; and it is with a keen sense of pleasure that we find ourselves looking up at some dark, grim pitch and discussing how to tackle it, when an hour before we may have been in Keswick amongst all the "paraphernalia of a luxurious town life."

Such was the feeling that struck me when, with a party of four congenial spirits, I found myself looking up at the fine rock couloir on the south end of Iron Crag.

This crag is the steep and at places overhanging cliff seen on the right-hand side of the Shoulthwaite Valley, and is probably best reached by leaving the coach-road between Keswick and Ambleside at the third milestone. Keeping up the bed of the valley, some exciting climbing may be had over stone walls quite as unstable and complicated as the famous ones at Wastdale, until the main mass of the crag is passed; then, looking up on the right, the couloir is seen, looking marvellously steep and promising good sport.

A stiff grind of the well-known Cumberland consistency leads us to the foot of the climb, the usual modesty about who has to lead is discussed and settled as the climb up the first pitch is completed, and we find ourselves gazing upwards at the great pitch. The details are well seen from here. There is a narrow chimney about 80 feet high, with a chock-stone about half way up, and the drops of water falling from its lower corner far out into the bed of the gully testify to the overhanging nature of the climb.

The obvious and only route is to scramble up right under the stone, and then a traverse leads out on the left with one's head in rather too friendly contact with the wet overhanging stone, until a fairly good ledge as foot-hold enables the difficult part of the climb to be negotiated.

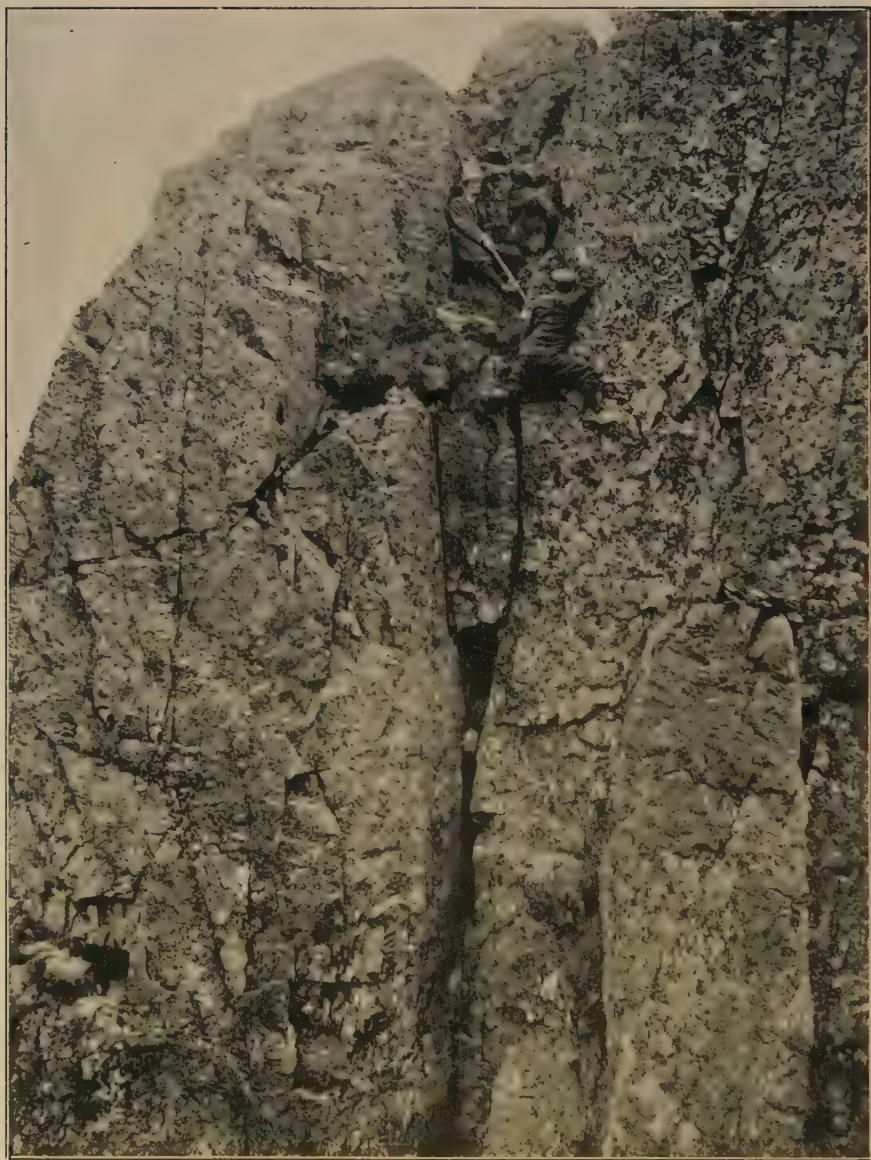
Standing on this ledge a tall climber can just reach over the chock-stone, which in this position forcibly reminds one of the law of gravity by reason of its overhanging nature, and to add to our troubles we find the stone moves slightly if pressure is put on it in the right, or rather the wrong direction; the absence of hold on the sides of the chimney renders the drop below distinctly impressive.

All these things tend to inspire the leader with a suspicious considerateness for his following companions, and he may possibly suggest that he would rather retreat than descend with his heavy hobnailers on the tender heads of those 20 or 30 feet below.

On the occasion of the first ascent two of the party distinguished themselves by posing in such unpicturesque and dangerous attitudes just below the stone as to arouse regrets for the absent camera; but it was left for the youngest climber to at last show us the way up, and the rest of the chimney gave little trouble. After some exciting moments all were safely landed on the top of the pitch, and so much do circumstances alter cases that we eventually agreed about the safety of the "wobbling chock-stone," though the leader joined in the discussion with some cynical remarks about the help from the rope.

We were much disappointed to find the rock in the higher part of the couloir extremely loose and unreliable, so the careful member of the party took the lead, and some of us had the sorrow of proving that a big sketch-book or even a ruck-sack is not much protection for the head from falling stones. As we emerged from these little excitements a certain member of the party reminded us strongly of the ancient raven as he decidedly "quoth nevermore"; however, the climb is an interesting one and quite worth a visit.

Probably some of the best unfrequented climbs in Lakeland



THE UPPER PART OF MOUSE GHYLL CRACK—"THE TRAVERSE."

*From a photo. by G. P. ABRAHAM,
KESWICK.*

are to be found in Blea Crag, which are situated immediately above, and about 45 minutes' easy walk from Grange in Borrowdale. There are three or four good gullies here, but the best is probably the large one seen so distinctly from the coach-road, and which was climbed for the first time in the autumn of 1897 by a party organised by Mr. W. C. Slingsby. It was mentioned in the Alpine Club journal as "The last known great unclimbed Ghyll in Cumberland."

Though maybe one of the last, it is by no means one of the least; in fact, there are few Ghylls in Cumberland that can boast of such a ferocious-looking first pitch. It consists of a big black moss-grown cleft in the rock, with two gigantic boulders wedged one above the other, and when we first saw it we were very dubious as to what would happen should we succeed in overcoming the first one.

It was not a nice place to have to come down. However, after the first boulder was passed on the left-hand side, it was found the second one was climbable on either side, and the right-hand exit from the pitch is quite easy. After this the couloir widens considerably and three exits of varying difficulty are available—one up each side and one straight ahead.

Continuing straight ahead there are two more comparatively easy pitches; the route on the right is quite easy and lands one out on to the heathery buttress, but on looking up to the left a short pitch will be seen ending high up in a thin crack. This is the exit that was forced on the occasion of the second ascent, and it is very much more sportive than either of the others: probably the traverse back to the top of the crack (as in illustration) is unique even in the "Lakes."

After scrambling up the fairly easy pitch before mentioned, we found ourselves at the foot of a very steep and almost holdless crack. An attempt or two directly in the crack convinced us that it was hopeless, so an ascent was made up the right-hand wall and the crack joined again about 12 or 15 feet higher. (This point is seen at the foot of the illustration.)

This was kept in for about a yard, and then a traverse effected into a small groove on the right wall, and this was followed up until it terminated at the top of a little splintered pinnacle which is seen rather indefinitely on the right-hand side of the illustration.

We were now on a level with the top of the crack, but separated from it by 8 or 10 feet of hopeless-looking rock wall, for there was absolutely no foothold, and hand-holds were only disclosed after much groping round moss-covered corners.

The knees had to be pressed against the rough rocks to gain a little friction, and after getting out of the reach of the trusty shoulder of the second man the hands would obviously have to do most of the work.

Our leader was nerved to try it by the knowledge of the fact that, if the holds did not run right across the rock wall, he could be helped back very effectually by means of the rope. However, this was not found to be necessary, as, after a very exciting struggle, he vanished round the buttress, and the next moment a loud hurrah, mingled with much blowing and grunts of approbation, apprised us of the fact that the *mauvais pas* was vanquished.

There are two or three other couloirs to the right of Mouse Ghyll which, if climbed direct, give very good sport.

The plot of our next scene is laid in a very different and, if a certain writer on English Climbing is to be relied on, somewhat impossible place—namely, the face of Walla Crag, which overhangs Derwentwater. Notwithstanding derogatory things said about Walla Crag, there is, hidden from the vulgar gaze by the trees, a very fine succession of chimneys leading out on to the face of the mountain at its southern end.

The climb forms a very pleasant half-day's excursion from Keswick, and should any enthusiastic climber find himself stranded there by some of the varying uncertainties of travel, he will be able to soothe his temper by climbing amongst some of the most striking scenery in the whole country. The view here is altogether different from what is generally seen from a Cumberland climb. As a rule, it is made up of the bleak and barren fellsides with, maybe, a huge framework of gaunt, black crags on each side as foreground, whilst, far below, a tumbled chaos of rocks and stones make the absence of vegetation somewhat apparent. Here, however, it seems that if one were to fall out of the chimney, one would drop softly into the mass of foliage beneath, and the peaceful lake, with boats and yachts gliding about its surface, helps to form such a view as once seen is seldom forgotten.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this climb is the second chimney, which is about 40 feet high, and if climbed, facing directly outwards, will be found comparatively easy. At the top of this pitch a holly bush gives good anchorage, whilst the leader traverses to the right on to a heathery slope, and a 30 foot chimney higher up the face leads direct on to the sky line.

Situated on the south-east side of that portion of Helvellyn, called Dolly Waggon Pike, is a long and fairly sportive chimney. The first ascent was made by Messrs. Robinson and Tribe, and,

so far as I am aware, on one other occasion only has the climb been repeated. It is most easily reached by striking north from Grisedale Tarn, round the spur of the mountain, until a wide gully with the screes falling over a pitch near the bottom is seen. Upon closer inspection the chimney will be seen running up to the right of this, and the ascent will well repay any climber who makes the long journey to find it.

The Links of Bowfell may be classed under the present heading, but as good a day's sport can be had in the eight or nine small gullies which form the "Links" as anywhere else in the district.

Probably the proximity of higher and better known crags has much to do with the neglect of this interesting rock face; however, now the Climbers' Club has been formed to open up these "fresh fields and pastures new," it is to be hoped when a Langdale meet takes place a day will be spent here.

The "Links" are situated on the south-west buttress of Bowfell and can be reached from Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, by way of the Band, in two hours, and for convenient identification the gullies have been numbered from one to nine, beginning at the south end of the Crags.

They were first explored by Mr. C. R. B. Storry, and the first ascent of several of them made by him. On the occasion of our visit it rained pitilessly all day, and the gullies were converted into waterfalls; this, however, did not deter us from "bagging" the remaining unclimbed ones, assisted by Mr. Storry.

It certainly did not deter us from getting thoroughly wet through, and probably accounted in some measure for the appearance of four figures seated round the dinner table arrayed in blankets and sundry other unconventional robes.

Ah! those wet days upon the fells!—what thoughts the memory of them conjures up—thoughts of true and tried friends, jovial laughter, and obstacles carried in the teeth of every opposing element. A train of wet, limp, but triumphant climbers, trudging slowly down in the mist and darkness, which is faintly illumined by one doubtful candle; the jödel as we near our hotel; the dry clothes and sumptuous dinner; the climber's pipe afterwards, and old reminiscences recounted with a gusto unknown to more everyday sports.

All these are part of the pleasures of a wet day on the fells, and although the wet days are hardly in themselves the highest enjoyment at the time, still it is to them that one's thoughts naturally turn in pleasant reminiscence of past conquests and future pleasures.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR'S book "In the Forbidden Land" has been the cause of a large amount of controversy between that gentleman and an ex-President of the Alpine Club. We recommend everyone interested in mountaineering to read Mr. Douglas Freshfield's criticism in the November number of the *Alpine Club Journal*, also the article in the *Daily Chronicle* of January 1st, and the subsequent correspondence in the columns of the same paper. Several of our members have sent us reviews of Mr. Landor's book, but the opinion of experts on the subject of these extraordinary mountaineering exploits seems to be so unanimous that we should only lay ourselves open to the charge of plagiarism were we to publish them.

* * * *

As will be seen from the *Pen-y-Gwryd Notes*, those who spent their Christmas holidays upon the Welsh Mountains were not favoured with ideal conditions. To instance the severity of the weather, several of the daily papers gave the experiences of four gentlemen who, on January 2nd, left Roman Bridge Station to climb Moel Siabod. As they approached the summit progress became difficult, and a violent hailstorm coming on they had to obtain temporary shelter under a rock. The hail presently changed to snow, and to add to their difficulties they were overtaken by darkness. By the time they succeeded in fighting their way down to Capel Curig, a descent which occupied three hours, all sensation had been beaten out of their faces by the hailstones, and one of the party was nearly exhausted. The leader, a well-known medical man from Llandudno, is said to have had some mountaineering experience, but whether his experience includes a knowledge of his local mountains under winter conditions is not stated.

* * * *

IN our last number we referred to two gullies at the extreme base of the Northern arête of Crib Goch. Mr. J. M. A. Thomson writes to say that further round towards Cwm Glas there is an attractive gully, longer and far more deeply recessed than the two mentioned, which contains, besides minor obstacles, two remarkable pitches, and affords a most interesting method of getting on to the North Ridge. Mr. Thomson climbed this gully on March 16th, 1897. There is no record of any ascent having been made before or since that date. This terminating buttress of the Northern arête is known to shepherds as Dinas Mot.

* * * *

THE Editor will be glad to hear from any members who are acquainted with climbing in the Cader Idris district.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

20th January, 1899.

DEAR SIR,

ENGLISH CLIMBING FROM AN ALPINE STANDPOINT.

By an oversight a small error found its way into the above article. "Black Crag" should read "Iron Crag" in line 33, page 38. On page 39 the guess was hazarded that Messrs. Robinson and Haskett Smith climbed the Doe Crag North Gully in 1886. A recent conversation with Mr. Robinson has cleared up this matter of ancient history. Their climb was up the buttress to the right of the Easter Gully to the top of its major difficulty, thence up the gully itself; and apparently it was down the North Gully that Mr. Haskett Smith was lowered on the rope.

OWEN GLYNNE JONES.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

29th January, 1899.

DEAR SIR,

Without wishing to send round the hat, or descend to any of the more insidious forms of begging, may I point out that it would be of very great permanent and general utility if in such places as may become definite centres of climbing a few properties could be collected such as the following:—

Ordnance map of the district (framed).

Geological map (ditto).

A good barometer (in repair).

Thermometer (ditto).

A small bookcase (with lock and key).

Climbing books for the same.

Boot-iron, etc.

It is possible that any of us, at any time, in the course of house-changing, change of tastes, matrimony, or other disaster, might find he had little or no use for such things. They would be a great boon in such places as Pen-y-Gwryd. I cannot speak, from recent experience, of Wastdale Head. At any rate we cannot expect the inn-keepers in these places to provide them. Perhaps the Club might.

Yours very faithfully,

C. S.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ANNALS OF MONT BLANC.—*A Monograph, by CHARLES EDWARD MATHEWS, sometime President of the Alpine Club. (Fisher Unwin.)*

THIS long-expected volume fills a gap in mountaineering literature that has been steadily widening for years. Lovers of the great Alps and of their history have sought out the records, for the most part privately printed in pamphlet form, of the early climbers of Mont Blanc, and have found it an expensive search. In this single volume those brief pieces of ancient history are collated in proper sequence, and though there is to some extent a sameness in the recorded experiences, any reader who has a general interest in early mountaineering and more especially a personal acquaintance with this mountain in particular, will be only too glad to have such a complete and inexpensive summary to his hand.

Those who have read the story of the first ascent of Mont Blanc by Jacques Balmat and Dr. Paccard as usually told, will confess to a prejudice against the Doctor. This is by reason of the publicity given to Balmat's account, supplied to Alexandre Dumas 46 years after the event by the garrulous old man, vain of his former triumph and bent on self-aggrandisement. Dumas was no mountaineer, and probably translated the already exaggerated description into journalese for the benefit, and indeed the better appreciation, of a non-climbing *clientèle* of French readers. We smile at Albert Smith's version of his own ascent, and all but the most equable and good-humoured readers, such as Mr. Mathews himself, feel disgusted at the man and his bare-faced means of making money out of his mountaineering by grotesque misrepresentation and belated discovery of the "humour of it." Yet the "*Impressions de Voyage Suisse*" have taken us all in, and Mr. Mathews comes forward, more than a century after that historic climb, whose details should be accurately known we think to all genuine mountaineers, and supplies us with the missing chapter—the other man's story. "Men now gaze with delight on the two beautiful statues of Jacques Balmat and Horace Bénédict de Saussure with which Chamonix is adorned. They peruse with interest the lineaments of the great guide on the medallion which faces the main street of the village. Is it too much to hope that tardy justice may yet be done to the Doctor, and that some similar memorial may keep green the memory of Michel Gabriel

Paccard?" For we feel convinced on reading this book, that a good case has been made out for the Doctor, and although there are still pieces of evidence wanting, small discrepancies to be explained rather than glossed over, the author is to be congratulated on having done an act of justice to the memory of a man of strength, courage and brains. The case must be studied by reference to the volume itself, but we may remark that in an account written and published by Beattie in 1836, based on information gathered at Chamonix, Balmat is said to have been seriously indisposed after his four nights' exposure on the mountain, and to have offered to take Paccard to the summit in return for medical service rendered. This ingenious explanation of one disputed point seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Mathews, who also passes without criticism Carrier's (and Dumas') statement that in climbing the last 350 feet of moderately easy snowslope, they were *opposed* by a north-east wind which forcibly retarded their progress. Yet the direction of the summit was south-west, and with a strong wind thus *helping* them they should have walked up comfortably in half an hour.

The subsequent ascents are described up to the time of Albert Smith, who, caricature of a climber though he was, did more than any other to bring people to the Alps. Then we have a brief account of the formation of the Alpine Club, and the discovery of other routes to the summit. Touching this, historically we can have nothing but praise for the book, but geographically it is occasionally incomplete. No doubt most of the illustrations are beautiful that show us the various chief aspects of the mountain, but as climbers we should prefer to see a monograph with more precise information concerning the different routes up, and even if they had to be contented with process plates, it would surely please many unimaginative readers to find pictorial presentation of the chief views obtained during the ascent by the ordinary way. Mr. Mathews rightly praises Imfeld's map of the Mont Blanc chain, but we cannot refrain from pointing out how far his own map is behind the times in its delineation of the outlying peaks of the *massif*, peaks of such interest as the Charmoz, Grépon or the Dent du Réquin. It may be urged that these are not directly connected with the subject of the monograph, but neither then are such matters as fatalities on the Col du Géant which are here described in detail. We must be thankful for the splendid reprint of Martel's rare tract on the Glaciers of Savoy, the chapter on the geology of the region, for which the author has enlisted the services of the distinguished Professor Bonney, the excellent bibliography, and above all for the simple but graphic way in which Mr.

Mathews has told his story. The climbing world expected a good deal from him, and it is not disappointed. His information is reliable, his criticism is sound, as indeed a mountaineering experience of over forty years may be expected to have matured it; his discrimination of the essential truth in various partially conflicting records is as acute as his tolerance for the personal equation of the narrators is large. He scarcely ever introduces his own share in the making of Alpine history, and yet he has managed unconsciously to impress his own personality unmistakably on his work. "He knows what a great mountain has to teach him, and he prepares himself to receive the lesson with a sympathetic and reverent heart. He trains his body and keeps open his mind. Undue bodily fatigue is unknown to him, and therefore he always possesses the maximum capacity of appreciation. To him every tree, or fern, or flower has its tale to tell; to him the jagged rocks reveal their own history; to him the glory of the sunlight on the eternal snows, and the silence that is in the starry sky, alike bring happiness and peace." O. G. J.

WELSH MOUNTAINEERING.—*A Practical Guide to the Ascent of all the Principal Mountains in Wales*, by ALEX. W. PERRY (L. Upcott Gill), 2s. 6d.

A COPY of this work, published in 1896, has just been sent us anonymously, we presume for the purpose of review. It is of a handy size, printed on good paper in clear type, with unusually wide margins, and in spite of an external illustration of an impossible sunset and some still more impossible mountains, the first impression it conveyed was a very favourable one. We must confess, however, that as a practical guide to the Welsh Mountains we are not able to recommend it, although it can scarcely fail to prove a source of interest and amusement to all who are acquainted with the district described. Some of the information one gleans from its pages is startling in its novelty. We should think very few of our members have ever tried the following method of reaching Crib Goch (which by the way is spoken of as a spur overlooking the Llanberis Pass).

Route 2.—From Pen-y-Gwryd. By the usual tracks to the spring near Ddysgyl and then by the Aber route.

It is interesting to learn that Moel Siabod "needs very careful climbing," and that the "narrow, nasty ridge that leads from Pen Helig to Carnedd has precipices on each side, and *must* be avoided in bad weather or by persons subject to giddy fits.

"It is very firm but *very dangerous*." (The Italics are not ours.) This is more especially charming as the work purports to be written, not for the ordinary path-frequenting tourists, but to assist those who wish to ascend the mountains by "scrambling up the sides."

Of Lliwedd the author says:—

Be sure, however, you keep to the solid of the mountain, and are not persuaded to go gully-climbing. There have been fatal accidents on its sides. If you only take the path found to the left of Llydaw it will lead you by an easy and beautiful route to the summit. A gentleman named Mr. Mitchell killed himself in trying to scale an impossible gully on Lliwedd. By going up the shoulder of the mountain he could have reached the same spot on the ridge in far less time than he would have done by scaling the gully. No one is more fond than I of a risky and dangerous bit, but I am old enough to know the difference between the possible and the impossible.

In the introduction the formation of a Welsh Mountain Club is advocated to undertake various functions, such as the collection of literature appertaining to climbing in Wales, the organization of a proper guide service, and scale of fees, etc., etc. The author proposes that the membership of such a club should be confined to *bonâ fide* climbers, no one to be eligible unless he has accomplished the following "climb" in ten hours: From Penmaenmawr to Moelfre, thence across the valley to Cefn Maen-amor. Ascent of Tal-y-fan, then by way of Foel Lwyd to Drosgl and along the ridge to Drum. Over the summits of Foel Fras, Arryg, Carnedd Llewelyn and Carnedd Dafydd, and down by Braich Ddu to Pen Benylog. Thence over Tryfan and Glyder Fach to Pen-y-Gwryd.

Should a club, with such a qualification, ever be formed, we anticipate the membership would not be very considerable.

We cannot conclude without quoting the following route descriptions:—

Glyder Fawr from Llyn-y-Cwn (Devil's Kitchen). The route from Lyn-y-Cwn starts from a little hollow near the tarn at Lyn-y-Cwm. After a climb up a grassy track for two and a half hours the summit of Glyder Fawr is easily reached.

Carnedd-y-Filiast from Bethesda. Take a brake from the station to Llyn Ogwen (5 miles), pass Ogwen bank, and then the broad and bare part of the valley comes into view. After a short walk Carnedd-y-Filiast is seen rising to the extreme right.

AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.—By Major L. A. WADDELL, LL.D., F.L.S. (Westminster, Archibald Constable & Co.), 18s.

NEW CLIMBS IN NORWAY.—By E. C. OPPENHEIM (London, T. Fisher Unwin), 7s. 6d.

COMMITTEE NOTICE.

It was decided at the last meeting of the Committee that No. 1 of the Journal should be re-issued, uniform as regards size and type with the succeeding numbers. Members are therefore requested to notify at once to the Hon. Secretary any change of address, and to point out errors in initials, or in any other respect, in order that the new list may be rectified.

The Annual General Meeting and Dinner will be held in London, on Friday, May 5th. Further particulars as to time and place will be sent to every member when the details are arranged.

Any proposed alteration of, or addition to, the Rules must be notified to the Hon. Secretary on or before March 31st.

The Committee invite suggestions as to the locality of the Easter Meet.

The following new members have been elected since the publication of our last Number:—

W. Showell Rogers, Esq., M.A., LL.D., The Nook,
27, George Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Wm. Russell Reade, Esq., Park Corner, Blundell-
sands, near Liverpool.

Wm. Paton McCulloch, Esq., Harrow Lodge, Blundell-
sands, near Liverpool.

Wm. Henry Fowler, Esq., Hodson's Court, Corporation
Street, Manchester.

John Graham, Esq., 3, Castle Street, Carlisle.

Thos. Herbert Sowerby, Esq., B.A., Sherwell, Dart-
mouth Place, Blackheath, London, S.E.

W. Gurney Angus, Esq., LL.B., Albemarle Club,
13, Albemarle Street, W.

W. V. Goulstone, Esq., 34, Egerton Road, Greenwich,
S.E.

Harold Gabriel Morrish, Esq., M.A., Leonard House,
Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.

F. H. Neville, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., 15, Park Side,
Cambridge.

Francis S. Green, Esq., Laverton House, Hill, South-
ampton.

Thomas Arnold, Jr., Esq., 1, The Circus, Greenwich.

Henry Crewdson Broadwick, Esq., Orley Farm,
Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Percy Thorp, Esq., Holly Bank, Leigh, Lancashire.

Lawrence E. Whitaker, Esq., Willow Bank, Newton-
le-Willows, Lancashire.

Lawrence Carr, Esq., The Villa, Stanwix, Carlisle.

Ralph Longstaff, Esq., Highlands, Putney Heath, S.W.

H. Nicholson, Esq., Kew Gardens, S.W.

Chas. Wm. Nettleton, Esq., 17, Thirlmere Road,
Streatham.

On the other hand two members have resigned :—

W. E. Davidson, Esq., Q.C., C.B.,
and

Maurice Holzmann, Esq.

Several further applications will be dealt with at the next
Committee Meeting, early in February.

CLIMBERS' CLUB.



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THE NAPES NEEDLE.

From a photo. by R. WILLIAMS.

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AN ASCENT OF THE NAPES NEEDLE, GREAT GABLE.

BY SHOWELL ROGERS, M.A., LL.D.

“This pinnacle of isolated crag.”—*Shelley.*

THE Montenegrins have a saying: “When God made the world He held in His hand a sackful of mountains. Right above Montenegro the sack burst: hence the fearful chaos you see before you.” In England the sack may be said to have burst over the greater part of Cumberland and Westmorland, and the large outlying portion of Lancashire. The result was the Lake District; which has been aptly described as the most perfect pocket edition of a great mountain range to be found in all Europe. But let not the luggage-laden tourist, who in the summer season traverses its length from Windermere to Keswick on a crowded coach, suppose that he has seen, much less exhausted, its grandeur and beauty—no, not even though he have secured the box-seat! It is to the adorer who seeks her in her secluded recesses, over wild passes, on lofty and lonely peaks guarding dark mountain tarns, in deep-cut gorges, and amid stupendous crags, that Nature discloses her most secret charms. Deep in Eskdale, Ennerdale, and Wastdale lie the inmost *penetralia* of her shrine. The vulgarities of civilisation have not hitherto invaded these veritable paradises of the pedestrian and the climber to any disturbing extent. These dales of Lakeland resemble those spots, now few and far between, in Switzerland, which have not as yet—to borrow an expressive phrase from over the Channel—become “*Oberlandisées et Zermattisées.*” May it be long before the serpent of civilisation in the

shape of a coach road winds its way up from Borrowdale and over the Sty Head Pass down into the heart of Wastdale, one of the few oases still left in the desert of British touristdom.

Wastdale is the English Jotunheim—the home of the giants of Lakeland. In it lies, on the mountain verge of the open country that extends from the shores of the Irish Sea less than a dozen miles distant, the sombre Wastwater—wildest and deepest of English lakes, its greatest depth being two hundred and fifty-eight feet, of which exactly the odd fifty-eight are below the level of the sea. Its foot is towards the plain, and it stretches, flanked on one side by the wall of its magnificent Screees that sweep grandly up out of its dark waters, and on the other by high frowning fells, three miles into the heart of the mountains. At its head, set in a huge amphitheatre of summits, is Wastdale Head, a hamlet the maximum population of which has never, it is believed, reached the number of fifty. There, almost from the lake shores, rise the highest mountains in England, Scafell and Scafell Pikes (3,210 ft.), with a girdle of attendant peaks of little inferior altitude. I know not to what saint the little church at Wastdale Head, which till modern times boasted but eight tiny pews and three cottage windows, is dedicated; but it might fitly be consecrated in honour of St. Martin, the patron saint of mountaineers. At any rate, Tyson's Inn, most hospitable and welcome of hostelries, which has attained to the dignity of the "Wastwater Hotel" since the days when, under the humbler and more picturesque sign of the "Huntsman's Inn," it was kept by stalwart Will Ritson—name dear to many generations of climbers—might well be called the Mecca of English mountaineers. What wonder, then, that on St. Lubbock's Day, to wit the August Bank Holiday of 1898, I escaped thither with a knapsack and stout oak stick—the sole survivals in these latter days of the pilgrim's wallet and staff—in order for an all too brief three days to be rid of "the weariness, the fever and the fret" of city life? I had, moreover, lately been reading Mr. Owen Glynn Jones's recently-published and strikingly original book, "Rock-Climbing in the English Lake District" (Longmans, 1897). His fascinating chapter on the ascent of the Gable Needle, or Napes Needle as it is more generally called, and the admirable photographs by which it is illustrated, had filled me with a strong desire to make its personal acquaintance.

Standing at the door of the inn at Wastdale Head, and looking N.E. up the dale at Gavel Neese (Gable Nose), the grassy rounded spur of Great Gable, you descry on the steep-sloping sides of the

latter, high above the bridle track from the Sty Head Pass, and some 2,000 feet above sea-level, a dark pile of rock bastions that stand out with precipitous buttresses from the mountain mass, like the embattled crags depicted in Doré's illustrations of Dante's "Inferno." Those who know where to look for it can, especially with the aid of a good glass, discover among these crags, against the background of the mountain wall, a sharp pinnacle rising vertically from their base. This "precipitous pinniccle"—as a luckless foreigner, struggling at the same time with it and with our language, designated it—is the Napes Needle. Though it has soared there on high for centuries, it long lay *perdue*, a virgin *aiguille*, unseen or unnoted by any but the wandering shepherds of the fells. It was not until June, 1886, that Mr. Haskett Smith made, unaccompanied, the first ascent. The Needle was not vanquished again till 1889, when three separate ascents were successfully made by three well-known climbers. In the following year, 1890, it was attacked by a climbing party at Easter, who managed, after three-quarters of an hour's exertion, to fling a rope over the top of the rock for the benefit of the leader, the late Professor Milnes Marshall. This party included an adventurous lady, Miss Koecher, who had the honour of being the first of her sex to gain the summit. It has been frequently climbed since, and not a year goes by now without numerous ascents being duly accomplished.

A "Climber's Book" is kept at the "Wastwater Hotel," which contains this instructive and naive prefatory note:—"This book was started for the use of climbers in January, 1890, with a view of relieving the pages of the ordinary Visitors' Book." This dedicatory and polite euphemism affords at once a much-needed warning against, and a welcome antidote to, the banal inanities—in praise, for the most part, of mutton and beef, and ham and eggs, in prose or worse—that ordinarily disfigure the Visitors' Book at nearly all tourist hotels. This Climbers' Book, though itself not free from some rubbish, contains "full many a gem of purest ray serene," of which the following is one of the best specimens:—"Found on the Fells—A flask of brandy, found on the Pillar Rock, last climb. Owner may apply at the top of Scafell Pillar. The bottle will be found there—minus the brandy—anxiously awaiting the insertion of its owner's or anyone else's card." Quite a pretty battle royal, though short and sharp, has been waged in this book concerning the comparative merits of the Napes Needle. The contributor of the well-known article to the "Pall Mall Budget" of June 5th, 1890, had written of the Needle

that: "It is the *Dent du Géant* of the Lake District, the climbing being equally difficult, although in extent it cannot be compared with that well-known rock." Upon this a climbing commentator in the book neatly remarks, with sarcastic courtesy, "If he has climbed the *Dent*, I hope he will pardon me when I say that I do not agree with him. If he has not, allow me to say that his informant was certainly in error." Yet another annotator adds: "M. Henri Bulle says the great Napes Needle is harder than even the lower *Aiguille du Dru*. He has done both climbs, the former with me." It is an instructive controversy, and moreover affords an amusing lesson in polite polemics: but one feels inclined to ask, "Who shall decide when climbers disagree?" and to say with Virgil:

. . . *tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

which is, being interpreted, "Can so much gall find place in climbers' souls?" Having seen the two Chamonix *aiguilles* from a respectful distance only, I am not in a position to decide between the controversialists, or to rise to the height of their great argument. I entertain, however, a shrewd suspicion that to institute such high-sounding comparisons with its Continental congeners is but to bring our Needle into needless and undeserved contempt. I am reminded of the story of the American lady on the Ullswater steamboat. The skipper proudly explained that she saw in front of her the Monarch of Mountains, "the mighty Helvellyn." "Hell what?" exclaimed the lady. "Helvellyn," replied the skipper. Whereat the lady from Chicago, to his discomfiture, incontinently laughed, and guessed that "If the Rockies could just see him they'd laugh some." At the same time there is no occasion unduly to belittle our Needle; nor to say of it—as a member of the Alpine Club is stated to have said of the neighbouring Sphinx Rock, "that it is a little difficult to find if the grass is rather long!" It is somewhat strange that no writer in the Climbers' Book, nor elsewhere so far as I know, has attempted to explain the meaning of the name Napes. In default of better, I venture, therefore, to offer the following solution, by way of an essay in epigrammatic etymology:—

Napes Needles! ever pointing high,
In rolling mist or azure sky
Tall, tantalizing, tapers;
Could'st thou thy name's hid secret tell,
Would'st say: "Ere days of inch or ell
I sewed the vesture of the fell,
And broidered Nature's napery?"

The first of my three days' holiday was spent with three congenial spirits in climbing the famous Pillar Rock in Ennerdale. We went up in glorious weather by the "West Climb," and down by the "Notch and Slab" route; then up again by the difficult "West Jordan," alias "Left Pisgah," climb, descending by the "Ledge and Slab." The third day, which was dull and misty, the same party climbed Scafell Pinnacle; working from Lord's Rake up Deep Ghyll, a magnificent chasm piercing the Scafell precipice from top to bottom. As an instance of how ideas of mountaineering have changed of late, it may be mentioned that Mr. Herman Prior in his "Pedestrian Guide to the Lake District," published many years ago—the only guide-book, by the way, that has ever made any pretence of assisting the climber properly so called in his fell enterprises—describes Deep Ghyll as "wholly impassable"! It is sufficient comment to say that it is now ascended by dozens, nay scores, of climbers every year.

The intervening day was Sunday; and as the weather was unpromising and I wanted an easy day, I strolled out for a solitary scramble towards the Napes Rocks, to make a mere bowing acquaintance with the Needle, and with the virtuous intention of doing nothing rash in the way of venturing upon a single-handed attack upon it; though I confess I thought I might perhaps be tempted to climb a little way up the bottom crack. As I toiled up the steep ridge of the green slopes of Gavel Neese that Sunday morning, there came into my mind the prayer of the Japanese pilgrims, with whom the ascent of mountains is part of their religion, who chant as they breast the slopes of Fuji-yama, or Ontake, "May our six senses be pure, and may the weather on the honourable peak be fine." But it was not to be. At the moment of leaving the grass and taking to the rocks I stepped into cloudland, and there came on a miserable drizzle that was not far removed from rain. The area of vision was limited to a few yards, and I began to think that Horace Smith, of "Rejected Addresses" fame, was right when in his amusing verses "A Tour to the Lakes" he wrote:—

. . . that not e'en one day
In a Lake-week deserves the name of Sun-day.

Nevertheless, like him on I went, .

Maugre this soaking of the scenery ;

though traversing the steep and dripping rocks was slow work. There was nothing for it but to get wet. No one can climb in a waterproof, even though it be only a cape, and as for any other protection against such weather, you might as

well—as the late lamented James Payn says in his facetious account of a Lake District expedition—offer mackintoshes to a family of otters! Somewhere up above was the Needle, but whether I had passed the place or not I could not tell. So I ensconced myself in a sort of cave amongst some huge boulders to consider the plan of campaign, with the aid of a quiet pipe, and had almost given it up as a bad job and made up my mind to return, when I heard voices through the mist. Setting up a halloo and



Fig. 1.

getting a response, I shouted: "Is the Needle up there?" "Yes, we are on it, come up," was the answer. I had been sitting all the time at its very base. So up I went; and scrambling up a steep but easy gully I soon gained the narrow rocky platform, a few feet below the crack indicated as A in Fig. 1 of our diagrams, which marks the beginning of the climb of the Needle that towered above like a great violoncello, with which its striking form has often been compared. There I found Messrs. W. R. Reade and W. P. McCulloch,

two first-rate climbers, who were staying at Wastdale Head, and who had only a few days before made the first ascent of the west gully of the Jordan gap on the Pillar Rock, long previously regarded as unclimbable*. They had just completed their climb of the Needle, which was no new thing to them, and were discussing lunch. They very kindly expressed their willingness to go up again if I wanted to make the ascent.

Here was a chance not to be lost; so I gladly accepted the offer, and we were soon roped and ready. Reade was leader, I was



Fig. 2.

middle man, and McCulloch came last. The start off from A (Fig. 1) up the crack to the left is easy enough, but one does not get far up before one's right foot gets tightly caught in the cleft. I suppose no one ever did the climb for the first time without undergoing the same experience. Indeed, it has been humorously suggested that if a number of gentlemen would each leave a boot there it would materially assist lady climbers in their upward

* See above, page 42. The second ascent was made just a month later (August 23rd, 1898), by the Messrs Broadrick, a party of three.

endeavours, by enabling them to pull themselves up by the tags! The crack now turns sharply and steeply up to the right; but is, nevertheless, a trifle too safe for the new-comer, as Mr. Owen Glynne Jones—from whose accurate description of the details of the climb I borrow freely—well puts it. “He gets his left thigh almost hopelessly jammed into the crack, and can move neither up nor down. The best plan is to work more with the left foot and knee in the crack, both hands on the edge of the leaf of rock, and the right leg getting general support by pressure outside, until the most constricted bit half-way up is passed. Then the leaf of rock can be swarmed up with much greater ease, and the climber soon finds himself looking down the other side of the crack.” This is at B, where it is seen that the fissure goes right through the rock, which has been rent from the main mass. The rock can be climbed on the further side up to the same point B; but the climbing on that side, though usually regarded as less severe, is some twelve or fifteen feet longer. I went up by that side this year (Whit-Monday, 1899) when the rocks were damp, cold, and exposed to the wind; and, under those conditions, I found this route more difficult than the crack. “The terrors of the crack,” continues Mr. Owen Jones, “often scare off people from the final piece. They almost did our little party. I found my watch-chain broken—some links still remain in the heart of the Needle—and my watch badly dented.” I confess I found this upper part of the crack awkward enough, even with the security of the rope. The rock was wet and greasy, and I felt that if my left leg, which got jammed in the orthodox manner, had suddenly come free, while both hands were spread over and pressing on the outside edge of the leaf of rock, it would be easy to pitch forward and be dangling on the nearly vertical face. From the point B the route lies practically straight up for ten feet to the shoulder at C. The hand and footholds between B and C, though not many or first-rate, are good enough. At one point there is a curious handle caused by a completely perforated stone, which can be grasped like a sword-hilt; and which, although cracked through both at the top and bottom, and consequently shaky, seems quite secure. At any rate it must have been tested often enough. From C you pass round to the back, where is a rock platform which affords amply sufficient standing room, though not luxurious accommodation, for two or, at a pinch, even three or four persons.

Now comes the tug of war. The summit rock **F E D**—I fear the letters in the diagrams make it look horribly like an isosceles triangle in a proposition of Euclid—is a huge block, to all appearances

detached from the main mass, and resting by its own weight. The crack E D goes right through the pinnacle, the overhanging character of which is shown in Fig. 2, and terminates at the back in a jutting ledge from two to four inches wide. It is necessary to climb on to this ledge. "It is difficult to climb alone, and exceedingly daring work, for the climber drags his body on to it over a sheer drop of a hundred feet, and feels no certainty of safety till he is up. It is like climbing on to a narrow mantel-shelf five feet high, that is only just wide enough to allow standing room. An ice-axe offers a useful take-off in the absence of a sufficiently responsible shoulder. The disposition of one's centre of gravity must be carefully considered, and there is a sense of alternate peril and safety in inspiration and expiration. . . . Practice on ordinary strong mantel-shelves enables one without help to mount up this corner" (i.e., the D end of the ledge) "with a certainty of success, the right hand being thrust into a thin horizontal cleft rough enough to offer some friction for the back of the hand as well as the palm." My leader also got up at D, but I found the E end the less formidable of the two; and it was, as we shall see, by the E corner that Mr. Haskett Smith made the first ascent. Reade, who is blessed with uncommonly long arms, having neatly mounted the ledge, appeared to double the corner, and at the same time to grasp the pinnacle with both hands and literally to swarm up it. He was on the top of the rock in an incredibly short time, and looking down inviting me to follow. His ascent—barring the bad weather—reminded me forcibly of Tennyson's fragment "The Eagle":—

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

Being, however, fresh from the desk of toil, and with muscles out of training for such a gymnastic feat as the mounting of the ledge in the manner above described, and the rock being wet and slippery, I was not disinclined to avail myself of any reasonable adventitious aid. We had no ice-axe to plant and so use the head as a step; but McCulloch kindly offered me the use of his shoulder for the occasion. He crouched down on the platform, and stepping with my left foot on to his right shoulder, and with my right hand grasping the outside edge of the rock just above E, I mounted in sybaritic fashion on to the ledge. As my weight came on to him, and the iron nails of my boot entered into his soul, or rather shoulder, he sententiously observed, "The plowers plowed upon my back, and made long furrows," a quotation which I suppose he felt singularly

appropriate. The mist was boiling up all round us, so that we could not see the foot of the rock; and Reade, who ought to have known better, shouted down just at the psychological moment when I was making the step up, "Come, hurry up down there; this beastly weather makes me think of 'sunnier climbs'!" Sidling along to the end at D, I found, round the corner, a jutting ledge eighteen inches higher that offered good hold for both feet. The next foothold was for the left foot, a small projection about an inch wide, and several inches higher on the face of the rock. I found this about the most ticklish part of the whole climb. It is necessary to step with the left leg confidently up on to this projection, which slopes slightly the wrong way. To make a false step in doing so might entail serious consequences, as the hand support is of the slightest. Moreover, I had an uncomfortable feeling that to slip here might cause a fall forward, with the result that the rope would slew round the pinnacle and put an awkward side strain on the man at the top. Even if he sat firm and held me up I should be swinging on the face of the rock between F and D (Fig. 1), where recovery would be difficult, and he might have to lower me like a bale of goods to the C shoulder. Such apprehensions were probably wholly groundless, but it was disconcerting enough that they should exist even for a moment. A boot edged with good ice-nails would get a firm grip of the projecting ledge; but my boots were merely studded, and the rounded leather-edge felt insecure enough on the wet and smooth ledge. However, the step was successfully accomplished, and I was then able easily to grip the right-hand and top edges of the boulder in a close embrace. A final pull up and I lay on my chest across the summit, and after a gasp of relief drew my legs up after me. I should have done better to follow Mr. Owen Jones's example in similar circumstances. It was no feeling of reverence or sense of awe, but the laudable instinct of self-preservation that caused him, having un-nailed boots, to take the shoes from off his feet at the platform below and do the top boulder in his stockings. The top of the rock is about four feet long by two feet in the widest part, and shaped something like a coffin-lid. *Absit omen!* I should say the whole length of the climb is from 60 to 100 feet. The descent needs no description. It follows the exact route of the ascent. I expected to find it more difficult to manage, but found it much easier. At the beginning of the start down I found a nice, smooth knob of rock which I utilised as a temporary chin hold when I wanted to move my left arm to enable me to see the next foothold below. Reade promptly christened it "The Chin Traverse."

Only those who have done the climb can fully realise what an intrepid and hazardous feat was Mr. Haskett Smith's first ascent of the Needle. It may be regarded as one of the pluckiest and most brilliant bits of cragmanship ever done in this country. At every other step he must have had doubts of success, and uncertainty as to return, and when trusting himself to the detached and overhanging summit boulder (see Fig. 2) he cannot have been absolutely certain, although it must weigh some tons, that it was, as it is now known to be, perfectly securely based.

It is noteworthy that the Napes Needle was the last of three pioneer climbs which Mr. Haskett Smith achieved by himself in a single day. First he went up the Ennerdale face of Great Gable, up to that time unclimbed. Then, crossing the mountain, he made the first descent from top to bottom of the Needle Ridge, and finally he climbed the Needle itself. He has never written any account of the details of his first ascent; a characteristically modest abstention, although regrettable in the interests of the climbing fraternity. I am, however, now permitted to give a few interesting particulars with which he has furnished me; and I will do so for the most part in his own words: "On reaching the foot of the *arête* of the Needle Ridge I was tempted by the crack in the west side of the Needle itself. It is curious, by the way, that before the next ascent was made several strong parties to my knowledge tried and failed, because they could not manage this crack! The top part was done in the usual way from the shoulder at the back, up at the right hand end of the ledge, along to the left, then round the corner, and a pull up to the top. I had no rope, or axe, or stick, or mechanical aid of any sort, and the beginning of the descent requires some nerve. It cured a headache with which I had started out." By way of token of his successful climb, he left a handkerchief upon the top. As there was no nook or cranny in which to fix it, nor even a loose bit of rock to weight it with, he tied it round a small knob at the north-west corner of the top rock. There it could be seen from below with a glass for some days, a fluttering proof positive, until at length it was blown away by the wind.

In speaking of pioneer work of this kind one is more than ordinarily justified in employing the hackneyed quotation, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" It is a wonderful encouragement and stimulus to those who follow to feel at every step that one is only treading where others have gone, instead of where mortal foot has never stood before. "The true mountaineer," said the late Mr. Mummery, "is the man who attempts new ascents;"

one who, in the words of Lucretius—if we may substitute “*montes*” for “*fontes*”—says to himself—

Avia peragro loca nullius ante
Trita solo, iuvat integros accedere montes.

Next in order of merit comes the leader of a climbing party, and finally his companions on the rope.

Even experts do well to remember that some well-known “courses” tend to become more rather than less dangerous; while climbs, with the way up well “blazed” by the nail-marks of previous climbers, are calculated to tempt unseasoned novices to embark upon ignorant and rash attempts on their own account. “*Via trita, via tuta*,” like most wise sayings, has its qualifications. Hand-holds do not tend to become firmer, and foot-holds which originally afforded a firm grip get worn smooth by constant use. This applies to the Napes Needle. It is perhaps the best known because the most striking rock problem in the Lake District. For this reason it is more likely than others to be rashly attacked. Sooner or later it will no doubt be the scene of a fatal accident. If the bottom crack do not prove the “crack of doom” for some too venturesome novice, the top rock—which looks so tantalisingly tempting when the B shoulder or the C platform has once been gained, and the summit looks so near yet is, in point of difficulty, so far—may yet claim its victim. But of all the climbs at the Lakes the ascent of the Napes Needle, by reason both of its unique appearance and its inherent qualities, must ever possess a strange fascination for all true climbers, the latest Nibelungs, the modern Children of the Mist.



THE NAPES NEEDLE.

*From a photo. by G. P. ABRAHAM.
KOSOVICK.*

PALINODIA.

By PRAED, JUN., A.C.

There was a time when I could feel
 All Alpine hopes and fears;
 When I was light of toe and heel,
 Like other mountaineers.
 Those days are done; no more, no more,
 The cruel fates allow;
 And, though I'm barely forty-four,
 I'm not a climber now.

I never talk about the clouds;
 I laugh at girls and boys
 Who do the Matterhorn in crowds;
 I've done with childish joys.
 I never wander forth "alone
 Upon the mountain's brow;"
 I weighed last winter sixteen stone—
 I'm not a climber now.

When guides at midnight shout "Away!"
 I'm deafer than the deep,
 Just when they're "eager for the fray"
 I'm eager for a sleep.
 Climb, beardless boys, with boyish zest,
 I don't care where or how;
 But let me have my proper rest—
 I'm not a climber now.

The rocks that roughly handle us,
 The peaks that will not "go,"
 The uniformly scandalous
 Condition of the snow,

All these have quenched my ancient flame,
And climbing is, I vow,
A vastly over-rated game—
I'm not a climber now.

I see no point in "first ascents,"
And "variations" pall;
It's grinding toil, at huge expense.
Why do men climb at all?
Ah! all too soon will "snows" be seen
Upon my "frosty pow,"
But—seek them?—no! I'm not so green—
I'm not a climber now.

I've long been shaky in the houghs;
Uphill I'm very "cheap;"
And now the chimneys and the rocks
Are all made much too steep.
They charmed, with "pleasure at the helm,"
When "youth was on the prow;"
To-day, they almost overwhelm—
I'm not a climber now.

I don't dream now of wild alarms,
Of overhanging slopes,
Of "Cols," "Arêtes," "Seracs," "Gendarmes,"
Of axes and of ropes.
At that most unattractive "grub"
I soon should make a row;
I miss the comforts of my club—
It's not the "Climbers" now.

By permission of the Proprietors of "Ariel."

A FORTNIGHT AT OGWEN COTTAGE.

A PARTY of variable size and constitution, though as a rule led by Mr. George Abraham or Mr. Glynne Jones, spent the latter half of the month of April in the neighbourhood of Ogwen. As some of their expeditions were new, and others only slightly known, it is hoped that these notes of their doings may prove interesting. A continuance of evil weather debarred any exhaustive examination in that short period of the climbs on the Glyders and Tryfan; but with the exception of an hour or two spent on the lower crags of Braich Du, the end buttress of Carnedd Dafydd, the attention of the party was given entirely to these two familiar mountains.

Of the two popular gullies on the south side of Tryfan nothing need be said, excepting perhaps that the pinnacle at the divide in the North Gully has a summit large enough for a lunching party of five, the displacement due to lunch not exceeding six cubic inches for each member present. The buttress to the right (looking upwards) of the North Gully offers magnificent scrambling, if it be taken directly up the central line of rocks to the foot of the overhanging green chimney. There it seems desirable to work round to the left for a few yards, and make for the "Low Man," now marked by a small cairn, by some steep wall-climbing high up above the North Gully. The scrambling above the Low Man is less difficult, but a beautiful crack of twenty feet gives an excellent finish to the whole. The other buttresses on this face of Tryfan appear to be easier, and to justify Mr. Haskett Smith's complaint of the superabundance of holds hereabouts. A subsidiary buttress on the lake side of Tryfan starts from about the 1100 feet level close to the milestone. The first three hundred feet are delightful, and if the same general direction be followed after the buttress has merged into the mountain side, slabs and cracks and pinnacles in plenty will attract attention and extort both time and tissue. One pinnacle in particular has a difficult chimney on its north side that is well worth visiting. How sad it is that the events which took place in the chimney should have so much impressed themselves in the minds of the ardent pair who led up, and yet have obliterated from their memory all recollection of the pinnacle itself, and the way to find it!

Besides the two great gullies on Glyder Fawr, of which the party all thought the western the more difficult, two others to the east were ascended without trouble. The one is distinctly on the same face as the great gullies; it is identified by the two projecting blocks at the top and a diminutive cairn marks the finish. The

other marks the eastern boundary of the face, and is only interesting when snow is about.

Continuing upwards in the same direction from the head of this easy gully, we enter the great Cwm contained by the Glyder Fawr ridge and Cribyn. In the highest eastern buttress of the former, a short but difficult gully is to be found.

This was climbed twice by its right branch, the left being impossible on the first occasion on account of the drapery of ice, while on the second the great mass of falling water compelled the party to choose the easier way.

It was found that the big pitch in the left branch could be turned by a rather awkward traverse from the right, and that the climb could be varied by digressing considerably to the left towards a remarkable slab pinnacle, scarcely distinguishable from the main mass of the mountain excepting when viewed in profile. The doings of the party when first investigating this gully are scarcely fit reading for earnest climbers. There were thirteen present of whom four were ladies, and the majority novices. The snow and ice were really difficult, the rope was lamentably insufficient. A pocket knife was the nearest approach to an ice axe that they possessed, and their garments were better adapted for a sultry grind up the southern slopes of the Glyders on a summer's day, rather than for the dreary sunless waiting beneath an incessant fall of ice-chips and snow-balls that characterised the greater part of the four hours that they spent in the gully.

An ascent of the Devil's Kitchen was made by Messrs. Abraham, Jones, Hill and Puttrel. The crack leading to the upper grass patch will always be difficult; but it is believed that in future the second man may ascend to the grass patch without fearing that any slight mislake of his will bring down the leader. For the leader can now belay himself firmly by looping a rope through a hole recently unearthed beside the grass patch, and as a double security, specially useful when he comes to starting along the traverse, he can steady himself by a rope passing behind the little rocky projection that marks the beginning of this traverse. While this projection holds on, the Devil's Kitchen climb is feasible, but a close examination shows that its base is weathering away, and it is to be hoped that climbers will deal with it gently as they pass by.

The splendid wall of rock that runs northward from the Kitchen towards y Garn is probably unsurpassed for steepness in the whole district. A boulder rolled over the edge, a few yards from the Kitchen, fell for 5 seconds before striking, indicating a

clear drop of about 400 feet. Corresponding to the easy walk over scree up to the top of the cliff, by the left (or south) side of the Kitchen, there is a similarly easy walk along a ledge by the right side. From a distance these two form a symmetrical bow-shaped ledge, concave upwards, terminating each extremity at the skyline, and enclosing three well-marked gullies. The greatest of these is the Devil's Kitchen itself. A short distance to the right may be identified a long black vertical crack dividing near the top into two branches; this we propose to call the Devil's Staircase, disregarding the owner when pressed for space. Still more to the right a similar formation occurs, looking a trifle easier at the bottom, but with a branching top as before. This was labelled the Hanging Garden; rare plants are there in profusion, but one has to hang, almost overhang, before picking them.

To start the Staircase from the very base of the cliff probably requires a dry day, which our party never got. But by traversing along an interestingly narrow grass ledge from the Kitchen, Messrs. Abraham and Jones entered the gully above the first pitch, and had a magnificent scramble to the top. A great obstacle, about 200 feet up, required combined tactics to overcome. Then a vertical wall followed, like the Moss Ghyll wall below the Tennis Court, and the right hand branch of the gully led them far into the interior of the mountain, up a veritable chimney, and out near the top of the crags.

The Hanging Garden was climbed by the same pair directly from the foot. It is not so difficult, but towards the finish considerable care had to be exercised in ascending the thin crack that represents the right branch. The crack is vertical, and too thin to be entered. The holds are on the right wall, and are not to be trusted implicitly. It is in the central portion that botanical specimens abound, providently placed by nature just between the two hardest pitches in the gully.

Off-days at Ogwen may be profitably spent on the lower crags of Braich Du. There are many little ridges and walls of rock worth visiting, a few hundred yards on the north side of the pass. Also, it may be added, that the lowest portion of the Glyder Cribyn is composed of excellent rock, and that one crack in particular offers sport of a rather advanced order. It faces the cottage, and is rather grassy for the first half. Then it dwindles almost to invisibility just below a broad ledge (on which a cairn now marks the resting-place of a Whitsuntide party). Above the ledge there are two or three cracks by which the scramble may be terminated, perhaps the best being a fifteen feet problem round on the Idwal side of the cliff.

A "HIGH LEVEL" WALK

FROM THE BRENNER TO THE BERNINA, WITHOUT GUIDES.

BY HENRY CANDLER.

CLIMBERS who are ambitious of forming a practical acquaintance with the topography of the Alps will find a good example before them in the expedition so graphically described by Sir Martin Conway in "*The Alps from End to End.*" To many of us both time and means are wanting to carry out such an extensive enterprise in one journey. But the route may very well be divided into sections, to be "joined on" to one another as opportunities occur. It was in pursuance of some such plan that the present walk was undertaken.

The Tyrol offers many advantages to mountaineers who wish to gain experience in climbing without guides, and who are not sufficiently practised to attempt the more formidable ascents in higher ranges. The peaks are lower and the glaciers less extensive than those of the Western, Central and Southern Alps. There are very few summits above 12,000 feet, whilst the vast majority are considerably below this height. The district is liberally supplied with huts, admirably situated and well provisioned, by the German and Austrian Alpine Club; and by the use of these huts expeditions of moderate length can be made, without the discomforts of unnaturally early starts, and without the labour or expense of portage for provisions and fuel. Seasoned climbers will perhaps scoff at these remarks as condoning the luxurious spirit of the age; but we are a degenerate race, and cannot afford to despise such aids as our advancing civilization provides. There is certainly one great drawback in this "climbing made easy," inasmuch as it attracts only too many who are quite out of harmony with the true spirit of the mountains, and who never would have dared to brave the hardships of the heroic age of climbing.

The route we proposed was briefly as follows:—Starting from Steinach on the Brenner road, to strike south-west up the Gschnitz Thal and traverse the Stubai Alps to Sölden in the Oetz Thal; ascend that valley to the Hochjoch Hospiz, cross the Oetz Thäler group via the Weisskugel and descend the Matscher Thal to the Vintschgau valley; then, turning south up the Sulden Thal, to cross the Ortler range to Santa Caterina, and thence proceed westward to the Bernina Pass, taking on our way some of the little known peaks of the Dosdè-Piazzì group—a walk of about a hundred miles.

After a short stay at the charming, old-world town of Innsbruck our party of three took train to Steinach, an hour's journey up the Brenner Railway, and spent the night at the Steinbock, a very comfortable hotel. Next morning (July 13th) we started on a seven hours' tramp up to the new Brenner-hütte (7,350 feet) at the head of the Gschnitz Thal. It is a charming walk up to Gschnitz, the highest hamlet, the path leading over green meadows beside a clear stream fringed with thickets of willow and alder; bold rock peaks overtop the fir woods on either slope of the valley, and at its upper end the Schneespitze, a sharp snow cone, showed now and then through the cloud rents. There is no inn at Gschnitz, but we were provided with an excellent lunch at the house of the curé. Two miles beyond Gschnitz the path zigzags up the side of a deep ravine to circumvent a big waterfall, passes near a gloomy lake, and finally up a steep rocky spur, where snow lay deep in every hollow, to the ridge on which the hut stands overlooking the Simming glacier. The caretaker was absent, but a friendly Saxon climber and his wife helped us to cook our *erbsuppe* and initiated us in the ways of the D. u. O. A.V. houses. The weather had been cloudy and threatening all day and in the night snow fell heavily. Next morning (14th) we started for the Nürnberger Scharte in a fine driving snow and dense mist. Despite the compass we managed to lose our direction and get involved in some complicated snow slopes, and were at length compelled to beat an ignominious retreat to the hut and thence down to Gschnitz again. The curé here, as is often the case in remote alpine valleys, combines the duties of innkeeper with those of parish priest; he joined us in a friendly chat over cigars and wine after supper, and a very courteous, well-informed gentleman we found him. Our comfortable quarters here soon reconciled us to our unpropitious start. The storm blew over in the night, and next morning in brilliant weather we strolled leisurely back to the Brenner-hütte. Just above Gschnitz, through the Sandesthal, a narrow valley running south, there is a splendid view of the Tribilaun, a massive and precipitous rock pile, said to be the best climb in this district: it is best reached from the Pferscher Thal on the south side. A plunge in the cold clear pool of a burn on the way up was very refreshing. The hut was full of excited German tourists (we never met an English climber on this journey), whose uproar continued far into the night and made sleep difficult. 16th July.—Started at 4 a.m., in perfect weather, for the Kaiserin Elizabeth-hütte on the Becher. A scramble over hard winter snow and easy rocks brought us in 1 hour 15 minutes to the crest of a ridge whence we overlooked the upper end of the Stubai

Thal. The Wilder Freiger was now in sight, a broad, flattened snow peak, flanked by bastions of cliff on the south; to the left of it rose the sharp conical rock peak of the Becher with the hut perched on its summit. Crossing the level upper névé of the Simminger Ferner we came to the brink of a steep declivity, down which we scrambled by snow couloirs, ice glazed rocks and scree to the right moraine of the big Gröbl Ferner. (We ought to have passed to the south of the Aplerer Feuerstein before making this descent, thus striking the glacier at a higher point). A two hours' tramp up gentle snow slopes, under a blazing sun, brought us to the Freiger Scharte. From this col we climbed the Wilder Freiger (11,245 feet), in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, going up easy rocks and snow on the south-east ridge and crossing a plateau of névé between the lower peak and the summit. From this point there is an admirable view of the Stubai group, which presents, roughly speaking, the form of a horse-shoe, open to the north-east, where it encloses the upper branches of the Stubai Thal, and culminating at its apex in the Zuckerhüt (11,540 feet.) Descending on the west side of the mountain by steep rocks, which were now smothered in snow, and down which we went face inwards kicking steps very gingerly, we crossed the névé to the foot of the Becher, and climbing its sharp north ridge reached the hut (10,411 feet) on its summit in 35 minutes from the Wilder Freiger. A finer situation for a hut it would be difficult to imagine. The Becher, which is a southern spur of the Wilder Freiger, stands on the rim of the Übelthal Ferner, an undulating basin of spotless névé about two miles in diameter, encircled by peaks of no great height but exquisite in form and contour. The circle is broken on the east by a gap through which the glacier sinks in a steep ice fall towards the Ridnaun Thal, and through this opening a magnificent view of the distant Dolomite ranges is displayed. They presented from this point a confused array of steep rock peaks, fantastic in form and rich in colour; walls, towers, domes and pinnacles, mingled with clouds, their hues changing from blue to purple and purple to red as the sun declined. Despite the fascination of the scene the cold on this exposed summit drove us early into the hut and our bunks. 17th July.—Feeling stiff and scorched from a hot and tiring first day on the snow we resigned ourselves this day to complete idleness. Various incidents enlivened the time. A porter arrived staggering under a load of about 100 lbs.; the poor fellow was knocked up by the heat and labour and was very ill. Three ladies with a small dog and guide were visible for hours toiling over the snow towards the hut. Choughs and snow-



ZUCKERHÜTL AND WILDER PFAFF FROM THE BECHER.

*Photo. by FRITZ GRATE,
INNBRUCK.*

finches paid us a visit: the chough always turns up where any pickings are to be had. There was, moreover, always the amazing view of the Dolomites to fall back upon. 18th July.—Started at 5.50 a.m. for Sölden in the Oetz Thal. We roped at the hut, descended the north arête of the Becher and crossed the Übelthal Ferner west to the foot of the Wilder Pfaff (11,388 feet), which we climbed by the easy rocks of the east ridge, reaching the summit at 6.50. (These rocks are being converted into a staircase by the too zealous labours of the D. u. O. A.V.). The view was much the same as that from the Freiger. After a leisurely breakfast we descended a steep snowslope and crossed the head of the Sulzenau Ferner west-north-west to the Pfaffenjoch (10,598 feet), passing beneath the Zuckerhütl, whose steep, snowy cone stood out dazzling and spotless against a sky of deepest blue. A sharp descent over the Pfaffen Ferner, keeping at first near the rocks on its north side and then steering west-south-west across it, brought us to the icefall (1 hour 5 minutes from the Wilder Pfaff) where we struck a zigzag path down the rocks on the right bank which led to the Windach Thal. Coming down from the col we passed a fine crop of the beautiful glacier *Ranunculus* growing on a protruding patch of rock. On the opposite south side of the glacier is a fine rock pyramid, the Geisskogel, which ought to afford a good scramble. On the path we met an old man toiling up with a huge load of wood for the new Hildesheimer-hütte; he looked so exhausted that we offered him the wine tin; without a word he put it to his lips and drained it eagerly, a look of intense relief overspreading his worn face as he handed it back empty. An hour's walk down a barren valley brought us to Fiegl's Inn, where night quarters may be had. It is a charming walk thence down to Sölden (4,595 feet) through a grand wooded gorge. We put up for the night at the inn "Zur Traube" One finds these homely Tyrolese inns very restful after the big Swiss hotels with their interminable *table d'hôtes*, where the polyglot babel of voices and ever recurring courses of tough veal and fleshless fowl are apt to pall on the wearied climber. Here the guest can order a simple dish at any time and have it well and promptly served; he is troubled with no hotel bill, but pays on the spot for what he orders. Wine too is cheap and, as a rule, very good and wholesome. Sölden is pleasantly situated in an oval basin of green meadows and corn patches, fringed with forest, with a view of the snow-capped Nöderkogel up the valley. The valley must be a populous one for the churchyard is crowded with graves; each grave has a cross of gilt iron scroll work, and crudely painted panels are affixed to these crosses depicting the deceased in their

Sunday clothes kneeling before an altar with attendant angels; when the deceased has met with a violent death, the artist represents the scene of the accident. Iron bowls for holy water are hung on rods at intervals in front of the long line of crosses.

19th July.—From Sölden to the Hochjoch Hospiz is a walk of about 7 hours exclusive of halts. We sent our rucksacks up to Vent by the post mule and enjoyed the luxury of a walk unencumbered. After skirting the meadows above Sölden the path enters a wild ravine and is carried above the right bank of the glacier torrent which thunders through a deep rock cleft below. At Zwieselstein the Oetz Thal divides, and crossing the stream we struck into its western branch, the Venter Thal. The track now led for some while through a grand pine forest, whose cool shades and delicious fragrance were most alluring; huge boulders overgrown with moss and fern lay scattered beneath the trees; gorgeous butterflies swarmed about every sunlit clearing. An open, grassy valley lay beyond, its slopes flecked with countless small torrents that gleamed like delicate lacework in the brilliant sunshine. At Heilig Kreuz we halted for a rest and lunch "Zum Curat," and a tramp of two hours farther brought us to Vent (6,205 feet), one of the highest villages in the Alps. Being the starting place for the Wildspitze, the highest peak of the Oetzthäler group, and also for the Hoch Joch, which is the *Theodule* of the Tyrol, the place is inundated with tourists. We had to wait some time here for the arrival of the post mule with our baggage and, fortunately for us, beguiled our time by an early dinner at the parsonage. It was interesting to find a colony of housemartins in this lofty and remote spot; we counted a dozen nests on the walls of the house. The valley again branches at Vent, the western arm (Rofen Thal) leading up to the Hochjoch. The weather was changing as we started; a warm south wind sprung up and the sky became rapidly overcast. It is a stiff $2\frac{1}{2}$ hour's walk up to the Hospiz (7,970 feet); above Rofen the last hamlet, the valley is very stony and desolate. On nearing the Hospiz we had a clear view of the Weisskugel, our objective for the morrow; it rises from the head of the Hintereis Ferner, a glacier which resembles the Aletsch in its broad level surface and long sweeping curve. The Hospiz stands close to the foot of the Hochjoch glacier, whose terminal moraine must be crossed in order to reach the Hintereis glacier. On the opposite side of the valley the Kesselwand Ferner descends in a grand icefall to join the Hintereis. The sharp peak of the Wildspitze is conspicuous about 5 miles to the north. Heavy rain came on just as we arrived. The prospect of a night here was not inviting; the



CRIB GOCH FROM THE WEST.

From a photo. by H. SPEYER

guestroom was densely packed with clamorous German tourists, but after a while we managed to squeeze into a smaller room, where we supped in company with thirteen stalwart guides. We went to bed, one could hardly say to sleep, in a crowded and ill-ventilated attic.

20th July.—The weather was so bad that we were obliged reluctantly to abandon any attempt on the Weisskugel, and at 6 a.m., feeling impelled to turn our backs on this cheerless shelter, we started for the Hoch Joch. A short track on the right bank leads to the level glacier above the icefall, and thence there is a very gradual ascent up a shallow snowy trough, whose smooth surface is unbroken by crevasses, to the scarcely perceptible saddle (9,060 feet). The Hoch Joch is certainly a very tame pass, though there is some fine ice scenery on the range which bounds it to the east. The crowd at the Hospiz was already dispersed, and could be seen straggling far up the glacier in long black lines. The scene was strongly reminiscent of the 'march to Klondike' that one so often sees depicted in the illustrated papers nowadays. We fell in with a Munich apothecary and his mother, a friendly and enthusiastic pair. The old lady, in bonnet and apron, stepped out bravely over the sloppy snow, carrying a rucksack and a stout umbrella. She deplored the growth of Alpine railways and giant hotels which, said she, "takes away so much from the poetry of the mountains." We breakfasted with them at a little inn near the south foot of the Pass. From this point the Schnalser Thal descends south-east to the Vintschgau. To follow this route would have involved a wide detour, so we decided to join our original route by crossing the intervening range to the west at the Oberetten Joch, a little glacier pass lying between the Aussere Quell Spitze and the Schwemser Spitze, about a mile south of the Weisskugel, and thus reaching the head of the Matscher Thal. We enlisted a stray guide here, a superfluous luxury, as the way was plain; but he was useful to carry things and to stamp down the soft snow for us. We sallied forth again at 10 a.m., and bearing west traversed slopes of grass and débris, mostly snow covered, to the *Teufel's Eck*, where we struck the left bank of the Steinschlag Ferner in 1½ hours from the inn. Crossing this glacier to the south-west we reached our col (10,710 feet) in 45 minutes. The last slope was rather steep. The weather up to this point had been atrocious, but as we crouched under some rocks eating our lunch a freezing squall blew up from the other side of the pass, followed by a rapid clearing and bright sunshine. There was an imposing view of the Ortler group to the south and of the Silvretta to the west.

Scrambling down a bank of snow and over a choked bergschrund we rapidly descended the steep slopes of the Oberetten Ferner to the Karlsbader-hütte (8,700 feet), 40 minutes from the col. The turf around the hut was carpeted with a small purple primula (*Primula glutinosa*) which, though abundant in Tyrol, is (save in a few favoured spots in the Engadine) unknown to the Swiss Alps. A long descent over grass and stones and then level pastures dotted with ancient larches brought us to the lonely inn of Glieshof, where heavy rain kept us under shelter till 7 p.m. Then we pushed on to Matsch, arriving wet and weary, in a drenching rain, about nightfall. This village is a cluster of massive old stone houses, intersected by a filthy, cobble paved street. The 'Weisskugel' Inn at which we lodged is clean and comfortable.

21st July.—Weather again fine and hot. An hour's walk down the valley, with a splendid view of the Ortler mountains before us, brought us to Schluderns in the Vintschgau. Here, in order to save time and avoid the tedium of a long tramp over dusty roads, we engaged a *zweispanner* to drive us up to St. Gertrud in the Sulden Thal. The broad, fertile Vintschgau is quite on a scale with the Rhone Valley. Our route followed that of the Stelvio as far as Gomagoi, where we diverged to the left up the Sulden Thal, passing through beautiful pine forests with the cliffs of the Ortler towering on our right. We had tea at St. Gertrud, and afterwards an easy walk of two hours up to the Schaubach-hütte (8,840 feet). This house is finely placed on a spur above the right bank of the Sulden Ferner and facing the Königspitze, Zeburu and Ortler. We encountered here the usual vociferous crowd of German tourists, many of whom appear to come to see the sun rise.

22nd July.—The morning was clear and cold, and there was a rosy alpine glow on the sharp peak of the Königspitze when we set out at 5 a.m. for Santa Caterina in the Val Furva. Our route lay over the Eisse Pass, Sulden Spitze and Langenferner Joch. The Eisse Pass is a gap in the eastern wall of a grand amphitheatre which encloses the crevassed upper basin of the Sulden Ferner. Going up the right bank of the glacier we made for a projecting spur which conceals the pass from view. In trying to avoid a maze of crevasses we soon found ourselves engaged in continuous step cutting on a frozen snow slope above them. As this sort of work grew monotonous we cut up to the rocks above, but they proved to be rotten and treacherous, and we soon took to the snow again. Presently we espied two porters threading the crevasses below us and evidently making for our pass, and after a

little more step cutting we rounded the spur and overtook them. They were carrying supplies for a new hut which we now saw above us on the pass. A well trodden zigzag up steep snow slopes brought us to the summit (10,280 feet) in two hours from the Schaubachhütte. After a halt for breakfast we followed the ridge south of the pass to the summit of the Sulden Spitze (11,108 feet), which was gained in 50 minutes. The ridge is at first broad and shaly, but finally rears itself steeply against the summit in a very sharp crest of snow. The actual crest was frozen hard, as was its western slope, but on the east side, which had caught the sun, we kicked laborious footholds upwards, the keen wind driving fine snow in our faces which overtopped the arête. Just below the summit the ridge abuts against a corniced ice wall, which afforded an exciting scramble. The axe came into play, and a little hacking and hewing followed up by vigorous shoves and hoists speedily landed our party on the top. If one were disposed to judge an ascent by the character of the view it afforded—a principle which the writer by no means adheres to—then the Sulden Spitze should be a first-rate climb, for the outlook is superb. The particular glory of the view is the Königspitze, a lofty and symmetrical cone of snow supported on massive buttresses of blue-grey fluted cliffs. South-east a wide plateau of névé stretches to the foot of the graceful Cevedale snow peaks. To the north lay the upper Vintschgau with its chain of lakes shimmering in the sunlight. The Austro-Italian frontier crosses the summit of the Sulden Spitze. Descending the south slope we reached in a few minutes the Langenferner Joch or Passo de Cevedale (10,720 feet) whence there is an abrupt descent of several hundred feet over rock and snow in the Cedeh glacier. Crossing this to the south-west we got on to the moraine and below it came upon the Campanna Cedeh, an Italian Club hut, which bore an elegant Latin inscription. Here two Austrian guides tried vainly to persuade us to stay and climb the Königspitze with them next day. On the Alps below the hut were large flocks of sheep, a big handsome breed with lop-ears, straight, silky fleece and Roman nose. Opposite the Forno glacier the path turns sharp to the west and descends a deep gorge; the rocks here, of mica-schist, shone like quicksilver in the blazing sun. Below the gorge the valley spreads out in a level grassy basin, and here the village of Santa Caterina lies. The place seems to have altered but little since Leslie Stephen wrote his charming and humorous description of it nearly thirty years ago.* The life of the village still centres about that huge ugly barrack, the Stabilimento di Bagni, and the visitors

* See *The Playground of Europe*.

are mostly Italian, amongst them many priests in black cap and cassock. There is another hotel now, the Albergo Tresero, where, during our two days' stay we fared excellently, and which possesses in Luigi Baldassari the most accomplished of waiters. An amusing incident occurred here. Two Germans had set out for the Passo di Gavia, and in the evening one of them returned greatly excited to say that he had lost his companion. The chief guide, who spoke German, was summoned, and after a lively discussion agreed to go in search of the missing man, but, on the point of starting, he halted and announced firmly "*aber unter fünf gulden geh'ich nicht!*" On the 24th, two of our party made an interesting ascent of the Tresero. We took with us a young porter, one Valentino di Pietro Compagnoni [perhaps a son of the guide who was with Leslie Stephen in 1869]. Leaving the hotel at 3.15 a.m. by lantern light we followed a rough track through the woods on the west side of the Val Gavia for an hour, crossing the stream at the Ponte delle Vacche. Mounting steep grass slopes for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours we reached the foot of the Tresero glacier, where we halted for breakfast and fixed Mummery spikes in our boots. After we had surmounted the steep snout of the glacier the graceful snow pyramid of the Tresero came in view. Facing us was the long, easy south-west arête by which the ascent is usually made. To the left a much steeper arête descends directly towards Santa Caterina. Turning north across the névé we made for this north-west ridge, striking it above the point where it springs from a steep cliff. Loose, shattered rocks presently gave place to a heavily corniced snow arête, which grew very steep towards the summit and cost us over an hour's hard work at step cutting. Above us a slender cornice overhanging the summit became almost transparent as the sun-rays filtered through it, producing an exquisite effect. We reached the top (11,820 feet) at 9.20, or in 5 hours from Santa Caterina, excluding halts. A huge cornice overhung the steep ice slope on the north face of the mountain. Santa Caterina nestling in the green meadows more than 6,000 feet below reminds one of Grindelwald as seen from the Wetterhorn. There is a good view of the neighbouring Adamello and Presanella groups. Descending by the ordinary route, plunging and glissading down the snow slopes, we reached the foot of the glacier again in half-an-hour, and the hotel in $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours, from the summit. In the evening we drove down to Bormio, which Baedeker describes as "an antiquated little Italian town at the entrance to the Val Furva, with many dilapidated towers." Here we found very comfortable night quarters at the Albergo della Torre.

25th July.—Having engaged a strong, active lad, one Sertorelli Costante, to carry our supplies, we set out at 8 a.m. for a long tramp to the Italian Club hut on the Passo di Dosdè (9,351 feet). A short way up the Stelvio road we diverged to the left into the Val di Dentro. At Semogo, the last hamlet on our route, we rested and refreshed ourselves at a rustic inn, and then entered the Val Viola Bormina, which we followed for some miles by a mule track over pastures dotted with chalets. A turn in the path disclosed a grand view of the snowy Cima di Piazza set in a frame of dark pine forests. The glacier presented a formidable array of ice cliffs, but a sinuous ridge of snow running up the middle of it seemed to offer an approach to the steep final slope of the mountain, which was seamed by a huge bergschrund. Ahead of us rose a fine rock peak, the Corno di Dosdè, which guards the entrance to the valley of that name. On nearing it we crossed to the right bank of the Viola. We halted for lunch and a noontide *siesta* in the shade of some larches, and Costante fetched us a pail of fresh milk from a neighbouring chalet. Following up the stream which emerges through a picturesque gorge from the Val di Dosdè, we crossed some remarkable glaciated rocks and entered a secluded, grassy hollow. Marmots whistled about the rocks and scurried off to their holes as we passed; once a ptarmigan got up right under our feet, and, unhappily, one of her chicks was trodden on and crushed. In front of us was the triple-peaked Cima Viola, its three summits, rising one above the other towards the south, presenting from this point a long line of precipices. We crossed to the left bank of the stream near the Dosdè chalets, and followed the west branch of the valley, which is stony and crossed by numerous streams. A long pull up tedious moraine and soft snow brought us to the hut at 7 p.m. It is a small stone cabin scarcely discernible, at a short distance, from the big granite boulders surrounding it. A cheerless reception awaited us. The key would not turn, and to gain an entrance we were obliged to force the lock with a pickel. Water stood an inch deep on the floor, the stove was choked with sodden ashes, and, worst of all, there was no fuel. However, we swept out the water, and by carefully raking together various odds and ends, we at length got a fire, boiled some cocoa, and concocted a remarkable *pot pourri*, to which every item in our larder contributed. This hut appears to be but rarely visited; the visitors' book contained scarce a dozen entries since the opening in 1891.* The situation is most romantic, the hut standing on the

* For a description of this group, see Mr. Coolridge's interesting paper, "To the Cima di Piazza and back," in the *Alpine Journal* for November, 1898.

brink of a steep declivity of rock overlooking the head of the Valle Vermolera, which is hemmed in by a wall of fantastic cliffs and aiguilles; in the hollow lies the Lago Negro, which was now frozen.

26th July.—Starting at 5.45 a.m., we made the ascent of the Cima Viola (11,103 feet), which rises on the east side of the Passo di Dosdè. Crossing a hollow in the glacier and traversing a steep little snow couloir, we struck the foot of a long rib of firm granite rocks which we climbed for about forty minutes; above these rocks we found the track of an earlier party, and followed it up steep *névé*, and across a *bergschrund* to the south ridge, by which we gained the summit in 1 hour 20 minutes from the hut. An hour sufficed for the descent, and after some time spent in cleaning up at the hut and arranging with Costante for repair of the lock, we set forth again at 10 a.m. for the Passo di Corno. This is an old smugglers' pass across the ridge which connects the Cima di Saoseo with the Corno di Dosdè, and forms the boundary between Italy and Switzerland. Traversing the moraine below the glacier on the north-east flank of the Saoseo, we turned north-west and reached the pass (9,620 feet) in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, after a toilsome ascent over grass and scree, where the snow was still deep, and finally up terraces of rock. The pass is a mere notch in a razor-like ridge of red granite slabs. The bold crags of the Corno di Dosdè, springing abruptly from this ridge, offer some inviting problems to the rock climber. To the west lay the beautiful snow peaks of the Bernina group, in the foreground of which the huge, crevassed icefield of the Palü shone with dazzling brilliancy. Farther south the isolated peak of the Disgrazia cleft the air like some gigantic fin. The rocks fell away steeply on the west side of the pass, and nearly 3,000 feet below was a lake whose turquoise blue waters were fringed with vivid green turf and scattered larches. Letting ourselves down a narrow crack below the notch, we descended by snow-covered rocks to a ravine filled with large granite boulders, the passage of which required great nicety of balance. On reaching the lake we enjoyed a refreshing cold plunge, and lingered for some time on its grassy banks. In the background the grand precipices of the Saoseo made a fine setting to this exquisite spot. Beyond the lake we struck a path which led down to the Valle di Campo; near the foot of this valley we diverged to the right and following a short cut which traverses woods and pastures above the high road, reached the wayside inn at La Rosa, on the south side of the Bernina Pass, in $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours' walk from the lake. Our return to the beaten track was signalled by an

utter collapse of the weather, and certain projects of extending our route across the mountains of the Engadine were perforce abandoned.

It is to be feared that the intrepid rock specialists of the Climbers' Club may find this narrative of a "high-level" walk in the Alps prosaic and devoid of thrilling episodes. The only apology for offering it is that much of the ground traversed seems to be undeservedly neglected by English climbers. The scenery through which our route passed is mostly of the highest order, whilst the route itself offers many interesting digressions, some of which the writer has endeavoured to point out.

[The climber will find Part I. of "Der Hochtourist in den Ostalpen," by Purtscheller and Hess (Meyer's Reisebücher, Leipzig and Vienna, 1897) an invaluable guide to this district. Some excellent maps of the Oetzthal and Stubai groups have recently been published by the German and Austrian Alpine Club (in four sheets, scale 1:50,000). Sheet No. 522 of the "Topographischer Atlas der Schweiz" includes the Cima Viola. For the Ortler group the "Special Karte" of the German and Austrian Alpine Club (1:50,000) is fairly good.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND DINNER.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on Friday, May 5th, at the Monico Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, and was attended by about seventy Members. The principal business was the election of Officers and Committee in accordance with Rule III.

The President, Mr. C. E. Mathews, was promptly re-elected, as well as Mr. Frederick Morshead, one of the Vice-Presidents. Mr. F. H. Bowring, the other Vice-President, wished to resign his office on the ground of imperfect health, which had during the past year rendered it difficult for him to be present at any of the Meetings. This decision on the part of one of the earliest of English rock-climbers so intimately known to most of the founders of the Club gave rise to feelings of great regret. In Mr. Bowring's place, the Club elected Mr. R. A. Robertson, the head of the Scottish Mountaineers, and it is hard to see how it could have done better. Mr. Robertson was thus preserved to the Committee, from which the ballot had removed him as well as Mr. Roderick Williams. The latter gentleman could ill be spared, but Rule III., like all the others, is inexorable. Two new members of the Committee were elected, namely, Mr. A. O. Prickard of New College, Oxford, and Mr. William Ernest Corlett of Liverpool.

The re-election of Dr. T. K. Rose as Honorary Treasurer and of Mr. George B. Bryant as Honorary Secretary, followed.

The accounts for the year 1898 as audited, copies of which had been sent to all the members and which shew £73 2s. 6d. balance in hand, were then approved and passed on the motion of the President.

The dinner was, if anything, a greater success than that of the previous year, and on this occasion members had the privilege of bringing guests, among whom were:—

Sir W. Martin Conway, Dr. H. R. Dent, and Messrs. Sidney Lee and C. R. Canney.

After the toast of "The Queen," the President proposed "*Success and Prosperity to the Climbers' Club.*" He said that the Club, born only a year ago, was already a healthy and prosperous

bantling—that it no longer derived its sustenance from extraneous sources—and was prepared to get its own living in a vigorous and satisfactory manner.

A year ago he had stated that the healthy and aggressive spirit of the English character had discovered a new sport for our countrymen, and that during the last 40 years climbing clubs had been founded all over the world, having for their objects the study and the worship of the hills.

Our pursuit had not only public opinion in its favour, but even biblical authority. For surely the great Poet of Scripture was not poet only but prophet when he wrote those words, impressed upon our minds by one of the divinest melodies of a mighty musician, "Lift thine eyes unto the mountains, whence cometh help." He called the attention of his hearers to some of the reasons which made our sport superior, in kind and in results, to any other form of manly recreation for which the English nation was celebrated. A country is great, he said, not in value of its material prosperity, but in value of the greatness of the souls that it breeds. To be successful in business was good, but no mere business success would ever make a man.

The man who was a lawyer, or a merchant, or a manufacturer, and nothing more, was often the dullest and sometimes the most miserable of mankind. But the man who, while holding his bread-winning occupation jealously in the first place, yet took his fair share in the wider life of the world, in politics, in science, in literature, even in some form of manly sport; was not only the better fitted for the ordinary duties of his career, but lived a life that must contain some element of nobleness, and was often capable of rendering genuine service to mankind.

It was interesting to reflect that our sports had thriven and multiplied with the growth of the material prosperity of this country. Business and sport had counteracted and sustained one another.

In his younger days there was very little boat-racing; lawn tennis, golf, cycling, football, and mountaineering were practically unknown.

What was the case now! Boat-racing was practised by thousands, and had attained the dignity of a fine art. Cycling had hundreds of thousands of votaries; the very construction of machines had become one of the most important staple trades of the country; and this at least could be said of cycling, that it had been the salvation of the wayside inn, and that it had restored to the English people the beautiful roads and lanes of our common

country, which the railways had taken away. Football was not only popular, but its exhibitions were attended by millions.

But boat racing was after all for the few rather than for the many. Cycling, whether in rational or irrational costume, filled the earth with scorching demons who were not a blessing to society; and football seemed to attract almost as many blackguards as horse racing, where the comfort of the spectators was too often conspicuous by its absence, and the life of the referee was in jeopardy every hour.

How was it, he asked, that mountaineering was the noblest pastime in the world? How was it that of all sports it appealed most to the cultivated intellect? How was it that scholars and statesmen, bishops and deans, men of science and men of letters, senior classics and senior wranglers, had found the best solace and recreation amidst the gloom or the glory of the hills?

The reasons were not far to seek.

When we were "worn and hard beset," what better could we do than go back to the earth, our mother? When Antæus was wrestling with Hercules and was thrown again and again, he rose with renewed strength each time he touched the ground. So did we. We got renewed vitality from personal contact with our mother earth, in her best and noblest forms.

In the next place we were able to separate ourselves, at least for a time, from our daily avocations. Black care ceased to occupy his usual place behind the horseman. We began to feel what freedom meant when we caught our first glimpses of the hills. A new life seemed to open to us.

And the cares that infest the day
Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

The nature we sought was everywhere the most beneficent of friends.

If we could not reach the Himalayas, the Andes, or the Caucasus, the blessed Alps were within easy reach of us, pure, bracing and invigorating. And if even these were too remote from some of us, remember that Helvellyn and Scawfell were only a day's journey from London, and that God created Great Wales! Wherever we went our minds were expanded and our bodies restored, unhealthy tissue was replaced by sound muscle, and when we got to middle life and began to bulge beyond the boundaries of the beautiful, there was no specific to modify the protuberance of the human abdomen comparable to walking uphill! Again, their pursuit could be protracted to late periods of life. Dr. Clifford

Allbut, a member of the Club, and no mean judge, had told them "that theirs was a sport that might be pursued into later life, both with pleasure and safety." Of what other sport could such a statement be honestly made! What a future the younger men had before them, and what a blessed reflection for some of those who were no longer young, and whose hair was already beginning to be whitened by the silver of years!

The greatest blessings of life were health and friendship, and surely no form of sport ensured these blessings like theirs.

The most enduring friendships he had ever formed would have been impossible but for his love of climbing. The greatest prizes of his life had been owing to friendships formed in the Alps, with such men as Moore, Adams-Reilly, Hinchliff, and Kennedy among the dead, and Stephen and Morshead among the living.

He had spoken of material prosperity. A good thing no doubt, but not the only thing or even the best thing. No mere wealth ever gave a single human being any real happiness. If all our houses were built of gold, what then, they might cover as many aching hearts as hovels of straw!

What is wealth? asked the President. Not the so much per annum which we were all of us striving and struggling to obtain. Not the hoards of yellow metal stored up in the vaults of the Bank of England. A thousand times, no! But the fairy tales of science; the insight of the painter; the dreams of the scholar; the visions of the musician; the sweet fancies of the poet. These were true wealth, to attain which man has not to grovel but to climb, and before which the goldfields of Australia and the diamonds of Golconda must pale their ineffectual fire! Their craft was the antidote to much of that selfishness which material prosperity too often brought in its train. Their craft, unsullied by professionalism and unstained by cruelty, brought them face to face with nature. It combined the study of natural phenomena with beauty of which no painter ever dreamed.

"Let us," he concluded, "drink to the health of the Climbers' Club, both for its own sake, and for its infinite possibilities. For I look upon our men as the raw material out of which the explorer of the future will be evolved. The triumphs of mountaineering are advancing with rapid strides. Its literature is increasing by leaps and bounds. Let it be ours to uphold what is best and noblest in the traditions of our craft, and to determine that the future of mountaineering shall be worthy, alike of its present and of its past."

Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith responded in a lighter vein, especially commenting on the value of the statistics which he had intended to inflict upon the Meeting, had they been provided for him. The proposal of "The Alpine Club," by the Rev. John Nelson Burrows, received the welcome it deserved. Mr. Burrows, who coupled the name of Sir Martin Conway with the toast, stated that that great traveller and he were old climbing companions. "In the seclusion of my study," he said, "I have with Sir Martin travelled the Alps from end to end. With him also I have wandered in imagination among the snow-covered wastes of Spitzbergen, explored the enormous ranges of the Karakoram Himalayas, and ascended some of the highest volcanoes in the Andes." Sir Martin Conway, in his reply, held the attention of the assembled members for nearly half an hour, and general regret was felt when he resumed his seat. If anything were necessary to justify the action of the small party of climbers who barely two years ago conceived the idea of the formation of a club that, while paying special attention to the mountains of the British Isles, should be capable of expansion in every direction, justification was given by Sir Martin's statement that all his experiences point to one conclusion—that in the vast mountain regions which remain unexplored the chances of success rest almost entirely with the British amateur.

Mr. R. A. Robertson, our newly elected Vice-President, who is perhaps better known as the President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, proposed "The Visitors." In the course of a humorous speech he remarked that since the government of England had fallen into the hands of his countrymen, the Southerners had sought to avenge themselves by repeated inroads into the wild fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands, where native enterprise now had to compete with the energy of intrepid English climbers who, not being tied down by the traditions of the Alpine Club, had no hesitation in attacking, unaided by guides, even the most difficult of 300 difficult peaks over which he presided. Such visitors were, however, always welcome ones.*

In replying, Mr. Sidney Lee suggested that although he understood ladies had not so far been considered eligible as members of the Climbers' Club, it might be advisable, if not too late, to consider the desirability of electing Queen Elizabeth, on account of the soundness of her views, as expressed in the well-

* We do not assume any responsibility for the report of this speech. We have no confidence in our reporter after 11.0 p.m.—ED.

known words with which she replied to the aspirant who "fain would climb did he not fear to fall:"

If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all

The toast of "The President," proposed by Mr. A. O. Prickard, called forth some closing remarks from Mr. C. E. Mathews, which concluded a most satisfactory and enjoyable evening.

COMMITTEE NOTICE.

Since our last issue the following gentlemen have been elected members :—

Jas. Graham Leslie, Esq., 3, Hare Court, Temple, E.C.

R. W. Broadrick, Esq., Highfield, Windermere.

William Norman Ling, Esq., Wandales, Wetheral,
near Carlisle.

T. H. Milton, Esq., 8, College Avenue, Crosby,
Liverpool.

Walter Marler, Esq., Dover Lodge, Woodvale,
Lordship Lane, S.E.

George Henry Twigg, Esq., Ludgate Hill,
Birmingham.

The Treasurer will be glad to receive unpaid subscriptions for the current year.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

On 1st January five Geneva Tourists—A. Chouet, A. Hirschi, E. Ferrand, A. Clerc, and A. Lenormand—started from the village of Leytron at 10.15 a.m. to ascend to the Rambert Hut (7,500 feet). They were accompanied by Placide Arragoni, a porter of Leytron, who had assisted in the construction of the hut, and who was consequently well acquainted with the ascent. The mountaineers had sufficient provisions for several days, but appear not to have been suitably equipped for a winter ascent. The weather was cloudy, and owing to the unfavourable condition of the snow progress was very slow. When near the Saille Hut, Arragoni suggested the desirability of returning to Leytron, and upon the tourists declining to accept his advice, he at once disclaimed in writing any further responsibility for the expedition. At about 10.0 p.m., when about 450 feet below the Rambert Hut, Lenormand, who was leading, fell down in the snow and told his companions that one of his feet was frozen and he could proceed no farther. After an ineffectual attempt to restore feeling to the limb, the others decided to continue the ascent, so, leaving one of their number with Lenormand, they proceeded to the hut, which was reached at 10.30. Arragoni then went down and fetched up the tourist who had remained behind, and subsequently made another journey for the purpose of taking covering and provisions to the unfortunate Lenormand, who, they decided, would have to pass the night in the open. A snow storm had been in progress for some hours, and at midnight, when Arragoni regained the hut, the wind was so violent that they feared the roof of their shelter would be blown away.

Next morning the porter expressed his intention of going down to the valley for help. This was opposed by the tourists, but finding he was determined they allowed him to have his own way, and eventually Clerc resolved to accompany him. When they reached Lenormand they found him none the worse for his exposure, but still unable to move. He told them he was all right, and could wait until assistance arrived; this, as had been arranged, was signalled by means of a horn to his companions in the hut. Chouet, Hirschi and Ferrand say that during the next two days they made several attempts to reach their comrade, but were unable to do so on account of the wind.

On the 4th January, when the storm abated sufficiently for them to make the descent, they found no trace of Lenormand, who was completely buried under deep snow. Arragoni, as soon as he arrived at Leytron, organised rescue parties, but no ascent could be made until it was too late to render any assistance to the unfortunate man.

Our authority for the above is the "*Alpina*," the journal of the Swiss Alpine Club. Comment and criticism on the conduct of Lenormand's companions are, we think, quite unnecessary.

* * * *

A correspondent sends particulars of two caves which he thinks may prove useful to any member finding himself in the neighbourhood of Geneva during bad weather. One is the Grotte des trois Feés. It is situated east by south of Archange, on the south-west side of the buttress at the north-east end of the main scree slope of Mount Piton. The entrance is behind a block leaning against the rock and lodged on a ledge about eight feet above the top of the scree. The other, name unknown, is west by south of Collonge, on Mount Saleve. There is a depression in the face of the rock, the face being of a lighter colour here than the general tone of the mountain. The entrance is at the bottom of this depression, and is best approached from the west until just below the level of the entrance.

Either of the above gives a good day's underground climbing, and takes eight to ten hours. Old clothes are advisable, and plenty of candles necessary. Details of these caves were some time ago unobtainable either in Geneva or in the villages.

* * * *

The following is a copy of a recent entry in the Wastdale Head Book (page 174):—

"Kern Knotts crack (see page 150) was ascended by Miss Nicholls on 21st April, 1899. She climbed up to the niche without help; then I followed and joined her there. She determined to try getting up by herself, so she went up to the second jammed stone without assistance, but was then too tired to proceed, and came back to the niche. After resting, she made a second attempt, taking a shoulder from me, and then went on to the top. I then descended from the niche and went round to the chimney, which I ascended, and I joined her at the big boulder. I may mention that Miss Nicholls has once before been up the crack (last year), but on that occasion she did not lead.—O.E."

A correspondent suggests that this seems to show the applicability to Lakeland rocks of Mummery's oft quoted observation, "Every mountain appears to pass through several stages. At first it is inaccessible, then it is the most difficult climb in the Alps, and finally it becomes an easy day for a lady." But we cannot agree with this. Miss Nicholls is a rock gymnast of unusual ability, who has made many ascents that few of either sex would consider "easy." Kern Knotts crack is a climb of most forbidding appearance. The face of rock in which it is is practically smooth and unbroken and almost vertical, consequently at times (more particularly between the niche and the second jammed stone, where the crack is so narrow that the climber's body is outside) it is rather nerve destructive—to people who have nerves. Messrs. C. W. Patchell, E. V. Mather, and John Simpson, who watched the first ascent, which was achieved by one of the best-known of our Cumberland climbers on April 23rd, 1896, described it in the *Wastdale Head Book* as a marvellous exhibition of strength and skill. We may mention that upon this occasion the climber, not having the certain knowledge that the route was a practicable one, wisely took the precaution of having a rope lowered from the great block at the top of the Chimney, but this was simply as a safeguard and not in any way used to assist the climber.

* * * *

A contributor is preparing a paper on Lake District Guide Books from a mountaineering point of view. In order that it may be made as comprehensive as possible, we shall be glad if all members who can give any information on the subject will communicate with the Editor. In Mr. Frederick Hutt's Index we can only find one mentioned—"Mountain Ascents in Westmoreland and Cumberland," by J. Barrow, 1886—but there must have been many published before that date.

* * * *

Mr. Hutt's Index, or rather Catalogue of Mountaineering Literature, is an exceedingly useful and interesting publication. It is constantly under revision, and the last copy we have received contains a list of 408 volumes all devoted to mountaineering. It will be sent free of charge to any member who will take the trouble to apply to Mr. Frederick Hutt, Bookseller, Clement's Inn Passage, Strand, W.C.

The Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL,

6th March, 1899.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Gotch (page 71), raises the question of the appropriateness of the word "crazy," as applied to the Crib Goch Pinnacle. It seems to me—looking at it from an etymological point of view—a very happy name.

Crazy (in early modern English also *crazie*, *crasie*, or *crasig*) is derived from *craze*, together with the suffix *y*. The latter is a common suffix used to form adjectives from nouns and verbs (as in hilly, icy, rocky, rainy, stony, wary, etc.). *Craze*, noun, is from *craze*, verb; the latter (in early modern English also *crase*) was in middle English, *crasen*, from the Swedish *krasa* (crackle or break). The French word *écraser* is derived from the same root.

The original meaning of *craze*, verb, is to break, shatter, crack, flaw, *e.g.*, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, XII., 210:

"God looking forth will trouble all His host,
And *craze* their chariot wheels."

And Lily, *Euphnes*, *Anatomy of Wit*, p. 58:

"The glasse once *crased*, will with the least clappe be cracked."

The meaning "weak of body or intellect" (given by Mr. Gotch) is a later derived one.

Yours very faithfully,

"OLD ETYMOLOGY."

REVIEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PENNINE ALPS *by* G. P. ABRAHAM.

PROBABLY many of the readers of this Journal are acquainted with Mr. Abraham's views of English and Welsh mountain scenery. During last summer he paid a visit to Switzerland, and brought back with him a number of photographs, chiefly taken in the neighbourhood of Zermatt. His experience has served him well in subjects comparable to Welsh and Lakeland rocks, and his panoramic views of snowy peaks and glacier scenery are evidently the result of conscientious and skilful work. In looking through these views one is struck with the fact that the composition would almost invariably be improved by the addition of more sky, and in many of the photographs a discriminating use of the scissors would have a beneficial effect. In several cases so large an extent of country is embraced that the eye is bewildered in attempting to take it all in. The experience Mr. Abraham must have gained from this first year's work in the Alps will probably be of great assistance to him in his next visit. I have no doubt that he fully realizes the defects I have pointed out. In my opinion, also, a lense of greater focal length might be employed with advantage, and I feel certain that the use of a yellow or green screen would improve the skies, where I am sorry to see hand work and artificial effects have been resorted to.

As a whole the series is wonderfully interesting, and the excellent technical skill with which the photographs are produced must give pleasure to a critical eye. The hardness and want of atmosphere which occasionally characterise the Welsh series are entirely absent. As a topographical aid to new climbers they should be very useful. The details of rock pitches, faces, arêtes, and chimneys give just the information required. As some of the finest, both artistically and technically, one might mention the following:—"The Summit of the Matterhorn," "The Old Hut on the Matterhorn," "The Rothorn" (the vertical view), and "On the Riffelhorn." These are as good of their kind as I have ever seen. I must add that all the photographs are what is known as whole-plate size, that is, about 6 inches by 8 inches, and are printed on platinotype paper. Mr. Abraham will, no doubt, be pleased to send lists to intending purchasers.

S. B. D.

THOROUGH GUIDE TO NORTH WALES. PART. I. *Chester, Rhyl, Llandudno, Bangor, Llanrwst, Bettws-y-Cord, Llanberis, Beddgelert and Ffestiniog Sections*, by M. J. B. BADDELEY, B.A., and C. S. WARD, M.A., with 16 Maps and Plans and 3 Panoramas by J. BARTHOLOMEW. Sixth edition. (London: Dulan & Co.) 3s. net.

Messrs. BADDELEY & WARD are again revising their guide to North Wales. The first part, which deals principally with Carnarvonshire, including the mountain district of Snowdonia, has just been republished in a very up-to-date form. As a practical guide to the foot paths and other easy ways up the mountains it leaves little to be desired. The directions are clear and concise and, we speak from experience, of great use in any weather. The authors make no pretence of assisting the modern rock-climber, but what they do undertake they carry out thoroughly and well, and although we have read the book in a most critical spirit, the errors we have discovered are strikingly few in number.

As in most guide books the names of the paths from Gorphwysfa to the summit of Snowdon lead the reader who has the advantage of a cursory knowledge of the country into a hopeless tangle. In the text the old upper track is accurately described, but it is stated that it is popularly known as the "Pig Track." This we need scarcely say is an error; the "pig track" (or should it be "P-y-G track"?) being on the north and not on the south side of the hummocks. In the inch-to-the-mile map of Snowdon, on page 219, the "pig track" is correctly traced, but is erroneously styled the "Donkey's path." All the maps, by the way, are by John Bartholomew, of Edinburgh, which, to any one who knows Mr. Bartholomew's maps, is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence.

We should like to know the author's grounds for giving the name of the little inn at Pen-y-pass, as "Corphwysfa." That it is intentional and not a printer's error is evident, for in the index, as well as in every other place where they have occasion to mention the "Resting place," the initial "C" has been substituted for the "G," to which we are accustomed. We also take the strongest exception to this reference to the Snowdon Hotel, which we feel is calculated to give a very wrong impression:—

"At present the summit—Y Wyddfa—is occupied by a neat temporary structure. The old, untidy huts have disappeared since the Tram Road Company acquired control of the summit. It is to be hoped that the intention of the Company to substitute an unobtrusive hotel a little way below the actual top,

where the space is so limited, will before long be carried out. The Portmadoc magistrates were very ill advised in refusing a license for this most obvious improvement on the first application."

We are not going to attempt to defend the "old, untidy huts," no doubt they were an eyesore, but the present erections are still worse, because they are so much more conspicuous. From the Pen-y-Gwryd side they altogether change the appearance of the true outline of the summit. In refusing the license at the first application the Portmadoc magistrates adopted the only course compatible with justice. The owners of the then existing structures (whose license was attacked) had carried on their business for three generations and it was proposed to turn them out without compensation. By buying the vested interests in question the Company has since put itself entirely in the right, and if the intention really is to clear the summit and erect a new building in a less conspicuous position, we feel certain that the gentlemen who voluntarily went into the witness box at Portmadoc to oppose the granting of the license to the Tramways Company would be only too willing to make another journey there in support of a fresh application.

There are also a few other points that seem to require explanation—for instance, the persistent reference to the Carnedd range as "Eastern Snowdonia"—but these are trivial matters that will no doubt be corrected in the next Edition. We do not object to Twll Du being referred to as "impassable," because that chimney is probably still inaccessible to most of us, in spite of the structural alterations that have recently been effected.

CLIMBERS' CLUB.



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